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THE PRIESTHOOD OF JESUS

By the Rev. A. J. Boyd, D.D.[1]

Hebrews vii. 24–25: *But this man, because he continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood: wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.*

In the Epistle to the Hebrews, the work of Jesus as man's Redeemer is illustrated by an analogy, and a contrast, with the work of the temple priests; he is depicted as 'our Great High Priest', and the writer's purpose is to show that Jesus does for those who trust Him, all that men have ever hoped their human priests might do for them—all that, and infinitely more. In their desire to draw near to God, men have looked to priests to act as mediators, skilled in the holy mysteries by way of which God must be approached, but skilled also in the understanding of men's desires and needs, and therefore able to represent them. Surely, then, says the writer to the Hebrews, Jesus is the ideal Priest, the perfect Mediator between God and man. Himself God's Son, he penetrates with confidence the veil that separates us from the divine; he is at home in God's presence. But he knows our nature also; he is touched 'with the feeling of our infirmities'—able, that is, to understand our weakness; he has been tempted as we are tempted; he well knows our need. At home in God's presence, and at home with sinful men, Jesus is the Perfect Mediator—and therefore also (this is the next point) the final mediator, who can never be superseded. In the passage which we are dealing with, it is this latter thought that is specially emphasised. Not only does Jesus have an access to God that no mere human priest could ever have; not only does he know man's heart as only the Son of Man can know it; in this also he transcends, that his mediation holds good for ever. He hath an unchangeable priesthood, a priesthood which will pass to no successor. He is able to save unto the uttermost—he is able for ever and ever to save—them that come unto God through him.

Some time ago I read a very brilliant book by a man who seemed to have concluded, not without regret, that Jesus is no longer of much significance for men and women struggling with the problems which life in this world presents. He points out, with truth, that Jesus lived in a world which differed in many respects from ours, and that he has left us no explicit guidance on many of the problems that now beset us. 'Can anyone tell us', he asks, 'whether Jesus would have approved of the pattern of our present civilisation at all? Would he have approved of costly and magnificent churches, of gorgeous ritual and music, of the theatre and the picture-house, of all the ordered scientific and social activities with which we spend our days? Can anyone tell us what would have been his attitude to our

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systems of education, our commerce, our athletics? Can anyone tell us definitely what would have been his attitude to the possession of property, to wealth, to our legal system, to capital punishment? . . . And is it surprising that a religion which fails to answer these questions loses its hold upon men? . . . Is it any wonder men say it has shot its bolt, that it has ceased to be the pole-star by which the ship of humanity will for all time steer its course?'—Jesus, in fact, has *not* an unchangeable priesthood, as the writer to the Hebrews believed, and as the Christian Church still professes to believe; history has shown that he is *not* able for ever and ever to save them that come unto God by Him; he is not able to save them that come to him today; and tomorrow men will have forgotten him; He may have remained as he always was, but we have changed, and we need another kind of mediator—or, rather, not a mediator, but a law-giver, not so much one through whom we may draw near to God, as one who will tell us how we must live in this complicated modern world. I wonder what you think about these fundamental questions. It is true, isn't it, that if Jesus throws no light upon our daily path, then he is not in *the fullest sense our Saviour? It is true* that we need guidance in our dealings with this world, and not merely a hope for the world to come. War and peace, wealth and poverty, social regeneration, national rebuilding, and the construction of a stable international order,—it is true, is it, not, that these are matters which press heavily on the minds, not of selfish people, but of thoughtful and public-spirited men and women; and it is true that we need light to guide us in the way of our individual and social duty? But is it true that the guidance of a Law-giver is our primary and fundamental need? Is it true that our deepest need is for a Law, and that we can do without a Gospel? Is Jesus, who lived on earth so long ago, no longer relevant to the circumstances in which we must live our lives? . . . Or is it still true that we need, before all else, a Priest, a Mediator, one through whom we may draw near to God? *And is Jesus still, as He was for the* writer of this Epistle, the all-sufficient answer to our need?

'He is able for ever and ever to save them that come unto God by Him.' In what sense does Jesus save men? The Bible says, by reconciling them to God—which means, *in the first place*, securing for them, and assuring to them, the forgiveness of their sins. I said *securing* for men the forgiveness of their sins, because we *must not* fall into the error of imagining that the divine forgiveness is something easy and obvious, something we have a right to expect, so that we can almost take it for granted. 'To err is human, to forgive, divine', says Pope, and from that it is only a short step to Voltaire's 'God will forgive me. That's his business.' But if anybody thinks thus lightly of the divine forgiveness, he has not understood 'the exceeding sinfulness of sin'. For this is *the central problem of all spiritual religion* —how is it possible for a righteous God rightly to forgive sinful men? People sometimes think it ought not to be so very difficult, when even we sinful men and women are capable of forgiving one another. Yes, but even we have to beware of a forgiveness which is not really generous, but merely easy-going, and which may therefore obscure the fact that a wrong has been done. And how, then, can God be reconciled to sinners, God who must vindicate righteousness and condemn evil? That is the problem; and the only fully-satisfying answer that I know of, is the answer which is given to us in Christ. He secures our forgiveness as only God's Son *could* secure it, by coming into our midst, and sharing our condemnation, and taking the burden of our sin upon himself. There is no easy-going dismissal of our sin, no palliation, no concealment, no false suggestion that all is well; we have to face the facts, the tragic facts, and the consequences *of them*—in the Cross on which He was crucified. But the Cross which is the condemnation of our sin is also the assurance of our forgiveness. It is not possible to sum up in a neatly-expressed formula what Christ did on the hill of Calvary. Men and women of all ages have experienced the saving power of the

Cross, but they have not been able—and it would be surprising if they had been able—to answer all the questions that it raises in our minds. If Jesus' life was given as a ransom, the old theologians enquired, to whom was the ransom paid? If he paid a penalty on our behalf, by whom was the penalty imposed? We must not over-press these metaphors, and set ourselves conundrums. What we can most surely say is this, that in Jesus we see God taking upon himself the responsibility for our sin, and suffering for our salvation. And when a man has despaired of himself because his life is so soiled and tarnished that he can hardly believe in the possibility of forgiveness, and no mere words can reassure him—it is then that the power of the Cross makes itself felt as something beyond all words—forgiving love, incarnate, and faithful unto death.

Jesus secures for us the forgiveness of our sins, and gives us the assurance that we have been reconciled with God,—but what if we don't think we need forgiveness? Of our modern world in general, both in East and West, I think it has to be said that men no longer deeply feel the need of the divine forgiveness. We sometimes tell ourselves that the sense of guilt is unhealthy, as indeed it may be when we look inside ourselves too much instead of looking at God, and it cannot be denied that a distressing sense of guilt is in some cases a symptom of mental disease. But we need to remind ourselves that the too-easy conscience is also an unhealthy symptom, and far more dangerously so, for it means that we have failed to face the facts about ourselves and God. It is just precisely here that Jesus is most needed; paradoxically, it is just when we think he is irrelevant that we need him most; because it is only God who can enable us to be conscious of our sin, only God who can 'give us true repentance'—and God comes near to us in Jesus. In Jesus, we see God's Holy One who actually suffers for our sin; and we begin to realise that it was people like ourselves who crucified him—not some extraordinary monsters of iniquity, but people like ourselves, who, because of pride and shallowness and worldliness, were blinded to the truth, and could hardly help but crucify Him. And so, the Cross is not merely the assurance of our forgiveness; it is also, if we have eyes to see, the revelation of our sin.

In Jesus we can draw near to God, because God has drawn near to us. He saves us by showing us how much we need forgiveness, and by himself answering our need. That is what the history of Christian experience teaches us, and I think that perhaps most of us, when it is put to us, can see something of its truth. But still in many minds there is the lingering doubt whether this salvation can be for us the all-important thing that it was for men and women of earlier days. Jesus, the Scripture says, is 'the same yesterday, today, and for ever', but are we the same as the people who once found in him their Saviour? Have we, perhaps, so changed, or have our circumstances so changed, that we need another kind of Saviour? Through Jesus we can perhaps be reconciled to God, but can he help us to adjust ourselves to the world in which we have to live? And which is the more important? It is a good thing that people should ask such questions, if it means that they are genuinely looking for God's guidance in the living of their daily life. It is good that we should be dissatisfied with any kind of religious experience which merely moves within its own closed circle, never breaking out and touching the actual circumstances and the actual problems of the world in which we live. If the salvation which Jesus offers me is going to make no difference to what I am, and what I do, today, tomorrow, and the next day, here in Tambaram, then he is not in the fullest sense my Saviour. If the salvation which Jesus offers us has no relevance to the problems with which the whole world is wrestling today, disunity, and economic maladjustment, and fierce international suspicions, and the clash of race with race, then he is not in the fullest sense the Saviour of the World. Well, I am sure he *has* a word for you and me, for today and tomorrow and the next day, here in Tambaram, about the way in which we do our work, and use our time and money,

and deal with our servants, and our friends, and our enemies, if we have any. And I am sure he *has* a word for us as we consider the problems of our disordered world—we see them in a new perspective if we can think of all men everywhere as brothers for whom Christ died. But must we not first, perhaps, remind ourselves that this world is not our home? Do we not first need to remind ourselves that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth? Are we forgetting that we need to be saved, not only for time but for eternity? It is not easy to remember that. How could it be easy when today and tomorrow make so many calls on us, and offer us so much? Then perhaps the first thing Jesus will do for our salvation is to remind us that this life, if we are to see it in its true proportions, must be looked at against the background of the life which is to come. Who is the more fitted to understand aright the problems with which this present world is always facing us—the man who sees no ultimate meaning in this earthly life, or the man who sees it as one stage in God's eternal dealings with his people? And who is the more likely to face the tasks of this present world with courage, and freedom, and integrity—the man whom God has laid hold of and reconciled to Himself, or the man who is ignorant, or careless, or defiant, of God's purposes? Life tests us all, sometimes by calling us to great adventure, more often by submitting us to constant small demands upon our insight and integrity; and the questions that beset us are often complicated and confused, and good men are divided. But surely this is certain, that the man who is most able to think and act with insight and with courage is the man who is himself at peace with God. If our life is centred, not in ourselves, but in God; if we can learn through Christ to accept God's judgment and God's mercy, and so to be at rest in him—then we shall be able to look out towards life in freedom and in confidence, facing its tasks with courage, rejoicing in its joys, and not to be utterly cast down by sorrow or disappointment. He is able to save us also in our day and generation, if we come unto God by Him, for in the faith and hope that he creates, we too can find a sure and steadfast anchor of the soul.

How then, says the writer, shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? Are *we* neglecting it—some of us because the story is so familiar, and the offer has been made so often, that we take it all for granted, and hardly give it a serious thought? Are we neglecting it, some of us, because it comes to us in an idiom which is *un*familiar, and we hardly consider that it is meant for us? Are we neglecting it, some of us, because we have come to the conclusion that this world is the only thing that really matters, and that man is its master? Nobody can decide for another what response he shall make to God's approach: But let us together resolve that in these coming days we shall humbly re-consider 'this amazing coming-down of heaven to earth', this great salvation which God is offering to us.

GREAT MODERN NOVELS

By Rev. J. R. Macphail *

Great modern novels. What does 'modern' mean? If you are taking a long view, Meredith, Hardy and Henry James are modern novelists, compared with Fielding and Richardson, or Scott and Jane Austen, or even Thackeray and Dickens. And before any of them left off, H.G. Wells began, who died only the other day. Bennett and Galsworthy were born within a year or two of Wells. Joseph Conrad was nearly ten years older than these three, but began writing later. Samuel Butler seems very modern, but was actually born earlier than any of the people I have mentioned, except Meredith ; his one novel, The Way of All Flesh, a cruel caricature of his own parents and himself, was published only after his death, in 1903. Butler was fifteen years older than R. L. Stevenson, but Stevenson died very young and became a classic at once, so that he seems to belong to an older generation. Other nineteenth-century novelists definitely minor, but good in their own ways, were George Moore, Maurice Hewlett, Somerset Maugham, and John Buchan. I think we must exclude authors who wrote novels, even good ones, if their novels were overshadowed by their other work ; Shaw and Barrie are dramatists, Masefield is a poet, Chesterton and Belloc and Baring, and Max Beerbohm and Wyndham Lewis, are essayists and controversialists.

The youngest of the men I have mentioned, John Buchan, was twenty-five years old when the present century began ; and I think we will say that modernness begins with the next name, E.M. Forster. Forster was born in 1879. His contemporaries and successors are so many, and of so many different kinds, that I don't see how I could get them into a fifteen minutes' talk. Many of the most gifted writers of the twentieth century, as well as most of the mediocre and worthless ones, have put their best work into the novel, and it is difficult to see the wood for the trees. I'll keep two, James Joyce and Virginia Woolf, for separate treatment with Forster. Apart from them, the next novelist to be born after Forster is P. G. Wodehouse, whom it is surprising to find in such venerable company. Then come Hugh Walpole and D. H. Lawrence, and (a little later) Aldous Huxley and J. B. Priestley. Nearer our own time, I think (I am not sure of all the dates), we have Constance Holme, Mary Webb, Winifred Holtby, and Flora Thompson, women who have written about life in the country poetically, and E. M. Delafield and Angela Thirkell, who have written flippantly. We have Dorothy Richardson and Gertrude Stein, who write as if in a dream, and I admit put me to sleep. In the classical tradition, to finish off the women, are Rose Macaulay, Kate O'Brien, Elizabeth Bowen, and Rosamund Lehmann. The best of the Irish and Welsh writers have concentrated on poetry and the drama and the short story, but we have James Stephens, L. A. G. Strong, and John Llewellyn; and from Scotland come Neil Munro, Lewis Crassic Gibson, George Blake, Neil Gunn, Eric Linklater. Then James Hanley, Richard Hughes, and C. S. Forester have all written admirably, in different ways, of the sea. Charles Williams, followed at some distance by C. S. Lewis, has given us some striking and very readable allegories. Not to be labelled, but not to be left out, are David Garnett, T. F. Powys, R. C. Hutchinson (a special favourite of mine), Christopher Isherwood, Graham Greene, Henry Williams, and Charles Morgan. So far I've said nothing about American novelists, Dreiser, Upton Sinclair,

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John dos Passos, Dorothy Canfield, Willa Cather, Thornton Wilder, Sinclair Lewis, Joseph Hergesheimer, John Steinbeck, Ernest Hemingway, William Faulkner. And even then we're not done, for there are modern Continentals who have greatly influenced English novelists, Gogol and Chekhov, Sigred Undset and Nis Petersen, Proust, Thomas Mann, Hans Kafka, and Arthur Koestler.

There! I have given you over sixty names, all novelists, all really twentieth-century, not all of them great by any means, but all more or less significant and influential. I could easily have added as many again, which I omitted deliberately; and there must be several names that ought to be here, but I don't know them or have forgotten.

I

Now to return to the three on whom I have decided to concentrate, Forster, Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce. I take Forster first, not only because he is the oldest of the three, but because his books look fairly normal, while theirs don't. For the same reason, I won't spend much time on him, and I'll confine myself to two of his books, Howards End and A Passage to India. A Passage to India was much discussed, on grounds other than literary, when it appeared in 1924: it is about English people living in India, and Indian readers thought he was mocking the East, and English readers that he was mocking the West: the truth of course being that, very gently and sympathetically, he was mocking Man. Perhaps Forster, like Hardy, didn't like being discussed in public; at any rate, he didn't try story-telling again. There is no failure of his powers even now, when he is nearly seventy years old, as you can tell for yourself if you are wise enough to listen-in regularly to the Eastern Service of the B.B.C.; but for over twenty years he has confined himself to criticism and the promotion of international goodwill. I can't think of any other man who was really good at story-telling, and gave it up completely of his own choice.

Howards End and A Passage to India look like quite ordinary novels. A hasty reader (and most readers are very hasty) might notice nothing unusual except a certain vagueness and a suggestion of sarcasm; especially if he felt obscurely, as so many people did with A Passage to India, that he and his own kind were the butt. He might or might not notice the epigrammatic power, the quickness and brilliance of the style. It would be possible to skim the pages and reach the end, aware only that here are characters, conversation, and a plot, all the things one looks to find in a novel, all just a little queer, but all there. It is when you follow up this hint of queerness that you begin to notice how unusual these novels are. His people move, swiftly and daintily, in a vacuum. You see them so clearly, but you can't get at them; they're like waxworks behind a notice, 'Don't touch'. They are like goldfish in a very clear bowl. There's no purpose in them, no purpose of their own: they are drifting downstream, they are blown about by the wind, they don't know why nor whither. It appears gradually that there's nothing that Foster believes in except culture, traditional elegance and courtesy. He often talks about it over the wireless, in a voice so kind, fastidious, and tired. He concedes without a fight that this culture is the rare and expensive privilege of a few small circles of people, such as the Cambridge highbrows; that the areas it which it grows have shrunk, and sometimes seem to be being squeezed out of the modern world altogether; and that its best it can't do much to keep people out of trouble, or to help them if they get into it. But he is undaunted in his determination to enjoy it himself as long as he is allowed, and to try hard to share it with anyone who looks interested. And he invents his characters and mixes them up with one another very much as a child plays with dolls or toy soldiers; it's only when the child looks away from them, at you, that you realize how dreadfully wise his eyes are. And so, deliberately I think, twice over, he puts right at the centre of an ordinary-looking plot a development that is wildly out of keeping. The aristocratic heroine of Howards End misconducts her-

self with a shabby pitiful bank-clerk whom she has been patronising; a commonplace English girl first charges a very nice young Indian man with an indecent assault on her and then, when the station is almost at civil war about it, withdraws the charge without explanation. You catch sight of the strings, and realise that his people, bright and graceful as they are, are only puppets, and that the puppet-master can make mistakes; the ballet may at any moment break up into chaos.

II

Virginia Woolf sees the world much as Forster does, but she writes about it very differently. She abandons the usual methods, and flits about from one to another of a small group of characters, allowing them to speak for themselves, not in formal conscious speeches, but just as the words come. Fancies and memories, unconsciously associated, plans that may come to nothing, old silly grudges and maniacal obsessions—such things pour out pell-mell, and mingle with impressions of what's going on round about, whether it is a girl dying of fever or a street-hoarding. The name used for this method (I don't know who invented it) is 'stream-of-consciousness'. The method was first developed, according to Joyce, in an obscure French novel, The Laurels are Cut, by Dujardin, published in 1887. Here is a famous example, from Mrs. Dalloway. Clarissa Dalloway, a worldly fashionable lady, is out shopping in the West End of London. And we read:—

'How much she wanted it—that people should look pleased as she came in, Clarissa thought and turned and walked back towards Bond Street, annoyed, because it was silly to have other reasons for doing things. Much rather would she have been one of those people like Richard who did things for themselves, whereas, she thought, waiting to cross, half the time she did things not simply, not for themselves; but to make people think this or that; perfect idiocy she knew (and now the policeman held up his hand) for no one was ever for a second taken in. Oh if she could have had her life over again! she thought, stepping on to the pavement, could have looked even differently!'

In a most interesting essay on Modern Fiction, in the collection called 'The Common Reader', Virginia Woolf confides to us her notion of the proper subject-matter for the novelist:—

'Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions—trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant show of innumerable atoms; and as they fall, as they shape themselves into the life of Monday or Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance came not here but there; so that, if a writer were a free man and not a slave, if he could write what he chose, not what he must, if he could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention, there would be no plot, no comedy, no tragedy, no love interest or catastrophe in the accepted style . . . Life is not a series of gig lamps symmetrically arranged; life is a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. Is it not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and uncircumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible? We are not pleading merely for courage and sincerity; we are suggesting that the proper stuff of fiction is a little other than custom would have us believe it.'

There's Virginia Woolf's confession of faith. Don't let's be tempted into a debate about literature; let's waive the obvious point that a new rule for story-telling which would disqualify Homer and Shakespeare and Scott, is somewhat suspect. Let's see what Virginia Woolf makes of it herself. And what she makes is sometimes interesting and touching and beautiful, and is so, we must admit, in a new way. Her chosen method seems to me to be most successful in Mrs. Dalloway. The earlier novels are experimental, the later ones so unusual that it would take a long time to describe them

before I could begin to discuss them. In Orlando, the hero is introduced as a small boy at the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign; in Queen Anne's he is British Ambassador at Constantinople, and while serving there turns into a young woman; we leave him, or her, having a baby about 1910, and writing a history of Victorian literature. And Orlando is tame compared with The Waves or Between the Acts.

In Mrs. Dalloway the scene in London, usually the fashionable West End; the time is a day in June, about 1920. Mrs. Dalloway is the wife of a respectable minor politician, wealthy, well-born and well-bred, very kind and sympathetic towards members of her own class, but otherwise decidedly snobbish; a little vain, a little restless and discontented, even at fifty very beautiful and charming. She is giving a party at night, and the Prime Minister is to come. Into this story is woven another, of an obscure clerk in the City, Septimus Warren Smith, who served with distinction in the War, and brought back from it a nice helpless Italian wife and a form of the malady then known as shell-shock; now, years later, he is out of his mind. The Smiths walk in Regent's Park and then go for an appointment with a specialist, who sees that Smith is in a bad state and prescribes that he must leave his wife for a time and go to a Home. He is to be removed the same evening, but before the ambulance can fetch him he throws himself out of the window and is killed. The two stories touch one another only at the end. The specialist is one of the guests invited to Mrs. Dalloway's party; because of the suicide he arrives late; his wife tells Mrs. Dalloway about it, in apology, and Mrs. Dalloway feels for a moment that it is tactless to mention such things at such a time.

Virginia Woolf tells us that in the story as first planned there was no mad clerk, while Mrs. Dalloway was to commit suicide or to be killed by an accident, at the end of her own party. The completed form is far more telling. Mrs. Dalloway is so fortunate every way, and seems so enviable; but when we look into her secret thoughts we see that she is no more free, and no more happy, than the poor suicide. And I don't think that this particular effect could have been got in any other way.

One thing more I want to say. Some of the critics who champion the notion of the stream-of-consciousness have tried to make out that we ought to be interested in it because it is up-to-date and scientific and important: that Joyce and Virginia Woolf are doing in the novel what Freud and Jung have done in medicine and science, and that her method is to reproduce the free associations evoked and used by psycho-analysts. I don't believe it for a moment. There's nothing unconscious about her. She may change her mind as she goes along, as Shakespeare and Dickens and others have done; but her manuscript, when at last she sends it to the press, is tingling with consciousness to the finger-tips; there's not a word there but she knows why, having deliberately chosen it after rejecting all possible alternatives. She doesn't follow the stream-of-consciousness blindly, she imitates it as a deliberate artist. As Somerset Maugham has pointed out in his autobiographical sketch The Summing up, this is only a new method, like the use of letters or diaries, to tell a story: it isn't a new philosophy or a new world.

III

And so we come to James Joyce. Joyce was born in 1882, and was brought up in Ireland, chiefly in Dublin, as a Roman Catholic. When he was twenty years old, he repudiated his Church and his country, and spent the rest of his life, with two short breaks near the beginning, moving from one European city to another. One World War, and then another, shifted him about a bit. He died in 1941. He wrote some poems and a play, but his principal works are a book of short stories, Dubliners; a fragmentary and partly disguised autobiography, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man; a long novel Ulysses, which narrates all that happens to a middle-aged Jewish canvasser for advertisements, Leopold Bloom, during one day, the 10th of June, 1904; and another novel Finnegan's Wake, which is concerned

with all that passes through the mind of another Dubliner during one night's sleep. Finnegan's Wake is unusual in many ways, and I've never been able to read it through, so I'm not going to say any more about it. I omit Dubliners also, to save time, and concentrate on the Portrait and Ulysses. T. S. Eliot, by the way, has put together a useful little selection from all four books, called Introducing James Joyce.

The first thing to be reckoned with is that Joyce is a renegade, apostate, and rebel. He left Ireland as soon as he could, and spent nearly forty of his sixty years in voluntary exile; and at the same time he renounced the Christian Church. Yet he hardly wrote a line about anyone who wasn't an Irishman and a Roman Catholic, and in his books he never moves a step outside Dublin. Take away from him the country and the religion he renounced, and there's nothing left of him at all. Especially he can't stop worrying away at the religion which he says fiercely means nothing to him. He takes as his motto the words uttered by Satan when he rebelled against God, *Non serviam,* I will not serve: but though he won't serve, he can't forget. He doesn't try to put Ireland and the Church behind him, and to get interested in other things: he keeps on protesting and denouncing and rebelling. And his books add up to a wonderful portrait of the Dublin he left in 1902, a portrait imaginative, merciless, sometimes bitter, but never callous, never wholly without love. 'This race and this country and this life produced me,' he says. 'I shall express myself as I am.' His choice is placed before us in some of the very lively conversations at the end of A Portrait. To a fellow-student calling on him to come out as a nationalist, Joyce, who in these books is called Stephen Dedalus, replies 'with cold violence':—

'No honourable or sincere man, said Stephen, has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tome to those of Parnell, but you sold him to the enemy or failed him in need or reviled him and left him for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I'd see you damned first. . . . Do you know what Ireland is? Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow.'

And to another friend he says:—

'I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can and as wholly as I can, using for my defence the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile, and cunning.'

Joyce is the extreme example of the rebel. He is so self-conscious that he cannot identify himself with any community or group of people; he goes his own way, fiercely independent, but returns again and again to the life he has put behind him, in order to put it behind him again. We might call him the mirror-twin to a parasite. He goes on talking about those he knows best, because it is a need of his nature to talk about somebody: but he talks not for communication but for self-expression. And now we are getting to the thing that makes me group together these three writers who are in so many ways different from one another. They write for self-expression, not for communication. Even with Forster, I think, though his method seems to be more or less the usual one, the peculiar note which makes his books so distinctive is that we do not feel we are being addressed direct, it is rather as if we overheard him talking to himself. And when a man talks to himself, talks on without stopping to consider what effect his words may have on other people, you know what that means: either he is nagging out of cussedness, or else he's beside himself. Or else, he is a modern writer. In this way I seem to see Forster, Virginia Woolf, and Joyce, as trying to do with the novel what T. S. Eliot has done with poetry, that is to turn it into self-centred monologue, throwing in bits of reading and chance associations without caring what they may mean to the reader.

Well, then, Joyce writes in order to satisfy some craving of his own nature, not to entertain us or to do us good. You feel that he would have been pleased to be

told that his books sound like someone talking in his sleep : in fact that's all that one of them pretends to be. If you go to him for coherence, sense, and consideration, you will be disappointed. The next thing to notice about him is this. Logically, I think, he should use no method at all ; but he does use a method from time to time, the method of the stream-of-consciousness which I have discussed already over Virginia Woolf. He tries to make us feel that we have somehow got inside the inner consciousness of one or another of his characters, able to watch the impressions, memories, desires, that come bubbling up to the surface from the hidden springs of life, or float idly past upon it.

And that's only one of the methods or devices that Joyce uses to give form and shape to his novel. His big book is called Ulysses in irony: his frightened shabby fat little Leopold is set up against the adventurous and splendid King of Ithaca. The episodes of Joyce's story are supposed to correspond with the books of the Odyssey. My own impression is that Joyce may have started with this plan in mind, but when he was writing only remembered it now and then. And when a critic tells us that Mrs. Bloom's maiden name of Tweedy is meant to remind us that Penelope, the wife of Ulysses, had a loom, I can only say that the critic reminds me of the sort of people who appoint themselves to explain Hamlet, and I can't say worse than that. But undoubtedly poor little Bloom stands for lots of things. Stephen Dedalus re-appears in Ulysses, as brilliant and as futile as ever; and we come to know much more than we wish of the secret thoughts of Mrs. Bloom, who is a lazy slut. And I think I can see how the naughty wife stands for the treacherous body, Stephen for the useless brain, and Bloom for the nice silly sad heart of man, torn one way by the head and another by the body, till it all ends in a wobble. Then we are told that each episode is linked to one organ of the body, and to one art or mental activity, and so on ; we are given more meanings than I've ever had patience to follow up. And finally a street-map of Dublin is as necessary for Ulysses, as a map of Wessex is for the novels of Hardy. Oh, methods in plenty : but I don't believe that the method that a writer adopts is as important as the gift he's born with. The born writer could made a good book out of words of four syllables, or out of words beginning with the letter S.

The third thing to note about Joyce is his love of words for their own sake. If it weren't for this we'd never have heard of him; his cleverness and hard work and integrity would have gone for nothing. In this again he resembles Forster and Virginia Woolf. They all love words for their own sake ; they make us think of a child playing with sovereigns or diamonds, not because they cost a lot, but because they glitter and sparkle. In his beautiful Rede Lecture on Virginia Woolf, Forster after much consideration concludes that there's only one thing that he can say very definitely about her, and that is that she liked writing. She liked the business of choosing words fastidiously, comparing weighing and rejecting ; she liked to arrange them in sentences and paragraphs and chapters, like a painter or musician composing ; and when she had blocked her book out in the rough, she liked to re-shape it into one pattern or rhythm, adding here, paring off there, suddenly heaving a whole mass of matter from one place to another, and then carefully and gently tidying up the mess. She liked writing.

'These words,' he says, 'which usually means so little, must be applied to her with all possible intensity. She liked receiving sensations—sights, sounds, tastes—passing them through her mind, where they encountered theories and memories, and then bringing them out again, through a pen, on to a bit of paper. Now began the higher delights of authorship. For these pen-marks on paper were only the prelude to writing, little more than marks on a wall. They had to be combined, arranged, emphasized here, eliminated there, new relationships had to be generated, new pen-marks born, until out of the interactions, something, one thing, one, arose. This one thing, whether it was a novel or an essay or a short story or a biography or a private

paper to be read to her friends, was, if it was successful, itself analogous to a sensation.'

So says Forster of Virginia Woolf, and it is all almost equally true of himself. They are much alike. Forster half-impudently chooses some slang words and slipshod phrases from ordinary talk, while she sometimes stops to hunt up the dictionary. But they are both quiet, refined, and spinsterish—he much more, by the way, than she. Joyce is different. He is boisterous and exuberant. He is ready to try anything; he doesn't lay his words quietly in their proper places, like an old gentleman playing patience, or a butler laying the table for dinner. He flings them about, pours them out, kicks them up into the air, pulls them into all sorts of shapes; he infuses his own demoniac life into them, so that they dazzle or deafen us, or knock us flat on our backs. I've said that the person who talks to himself is usually nagging or mad: but a happy solitary child also may talk or sing to itself, making up the most surprising and delightful language for its own benefit as it goes along. An American scholar has counted that there are 260,430 words in Ulysses, and 29,899 different ones, but only half of the words appear more than once, and Joyce really relies on one hundred monosyllables. Joyce often reminds us of the crazier sorts of nursery rhymes, 'Diddle-diddle-dumpkins my son John' and suchlike. Without warning or excuse he may suddenly break into a fairy-tale beginning thus:—

'The figure seated on a large boulder at the foot of a round tower was that of a broad shouldered deep chested strong limbed frankeyed redhaired freely freckled shaggy-bearded widemouthed largenosed longheaded deepvoiced barekneed brawnyhanded hairy-legged ruddyfaced, sinewyarmed hero. From shoulder to shoulder he measured several ells and his rocklike mountainous knees were covered, as was likewise the rest of his body wherever visible, with a strong growth of tawny prickly hair in hue and toughness similar to the mountain gorse (*Ulex Europus*).' If you don't care for that, you won't care for the rest of Joyce either. He can play with phrases, too, as well as with words. Early in the book is a conversation with a reference to a man who gave two shillings to a waterman for saving his son from drowning. One of the company, knowing the boy, says tersely, 'One and eightpence too much'. Bloom is tickled by the words, and they come back to him again and again during the day. The whole book is full of phrases as Irish as anything in Synge, like 'I'll kick you where it won't blind you', or 'prepared to swear a hole through a tengallon pot'.

Joyce dealing with words has the recklessness and extravagance of Rabelais. And that great name reminds me that I haven't said anything about the alleged indecency of Joyce, which has attracted the attention of the police in Great Britain and the U.S.A. All that need be said, I think, is a warning that you will find some things in Joyce that will shock and disgust you; with a corresponding warning that if you start on him just because you want some naughty excitement, you'll find that the gains aren't worth the outlay, and you might as well stick to the Bible and Shakespeare.

Joyce does just about everything with words that can be done, and tries to do a lot more. One series of letters is explained by a careful interpreter as representing the sounds caused by Mr. Bloom's digestive apparatus, which is imperfect, combined with the noise of a tram-car passing outside. The only way to take him is to abandon yourself to him, to follow much as you follow music, without bothering about meaning; and you suddenly realize that you are getting to know Mr. Bloom and his world extremely well.

And what a broken-down world it is! Joyce's people are the same sort of people as Forster's and Virginia Woolf's, without their advantages of wealth and a safe social position. Leopold Bloom, Joyce's Ulysses, is so kindly and gentle, so soft-hearted about his one son, little Rudy, who died years ago at the age of eleven days, so fond of music and good food (especially kidneys), and so pitiably futile and so conscious of it. He drifts through his day, enjoying his little pleasures and then repenting of them

(sometimes with good cause, sometimes without), and giving a modest helping hand whenever he can: but it's a crazy world, frightened and empty. The boisterous style in which the story is told only shows up how desolate it is.

Ulysses started with some accidental publicity, being prosecuted by the police, and adopted by some younger writers as the ark of the covenant. The dust is settling now, and I think it is becoming clear that Ulysses will continue to be read by all serious students of English literature in the 1920's, and that many of them will find it interesting, stimulating,and amusing. I don't think it will ever be widely read; it's too long as it stands, and extracts are not very attractive, and give no idea of the whole.

IV

If I can speak of Ulysses in this lukewarm way, why do I concentrate on it, in a talk dedicated to Great Modern Novels? First, I say frankly, because I do not know where the Great Modern Novels are. Of the novelists since Hardy there are many who are well worth reading, besides the three that I've picked out: Wells Bennett and Galsworthy to begin with, and then these at the least: Walpole, Lawrence, Huxley, Priestley, Elizabeth Bowen, and from the U.S. perhaps Sinclair Lewis and Ernest Hemingway. All worth reading, all good, some very good in different ways, but there isn't one to whom the word great adheres as if by right, as it adheres to Hardy and to Bridges and Yeats, and began to adhere long before their deaths. And if you suspect me of a prejudice in favour of the dead I will add the name of Shaw.

So I speak about three novelists only, for one thing because there is little competition. But there are better reasons than that. The first is that these three are adventurers in a new direction, experimenters with a technique that hadn't been used so thoroughly before them; there are hints of it, no more, in Rabelais, in the soliloquy of the Elizabethan Drama, in Laurence Sterne, and in Mr Alfred Jingle. They have dealt with life in one particular way, they have disintegrated it; they have discovered how to split the atom. They have followed that way as far as it will go, if there's to be any reason in fiction at all. It is significant that of the three Forster leaves off novel-writing before he has reached the prime of life, while the other two move on into mystic mazes where we overhear them talking to themselves, in the mumbo-jumbo of the medicine-man! They have also shown that in the hands of a sufficiently gifted writer this method can give great pleasure; and if they have failed to prove that it alone is obligatory on all future writers, as Virginia Woolf seems at one point to argue, they have at least suggested that any enterprising writer might well try it now and then; as Lytton Strachey does, for example, in the closing pages of his Queen Victoria, and Galsworthy sometimes in the later Forsyte books.

But the really interesting thing about these three writers, I think, is that they show that it's worth while to take pains in writing, and to follow your own bent. They are not half-hearted copyists: they work untiringly to find out what they can do best, and therefore what nobody else can do at all: and they throw themselves into their work, and for every word they write they use every kind of gift and every ounce of power that they possess, or can develop. Joyce apparently kept a workdiary, from which it appears that the proof-reading of one chapter in Finnegan's Wake cost him sixteen hundred working hours. And we benefit by this, whether we are conscious of it or not. There's no shortcut to the making of oatmeal porridge; the only way to get it good is to stir it long and steadily, by hand. And the only way to make a good book is to work hard at it, bringing every faculty into play, sparing no pains, keeping it in mind all day and all night. And it's a writer like Joyce who shows it. Ulysses serves two useful purposes at least: to a careful reader it exposes and condemns all superficial or slovenly books, while to a writer who isn't out only to save himself trouble it offers a standard to judge by, and an example to inspire.

THE LAST STRAW

By R. Venkateswaran, *B. Sc.* (*Hons.*).

He was cross and therefore he had to smash up things. That was in his nature. His wife, a hard-worked ill-used creature, was the target of his black looks; his tingling palms and fists had tasted of his children's bodies, sending them squalling in unison. Yesterday, a horse he had expected to run fastest had finished last. Yesterday, he was out of pocket by twenty rupees. Today his wife asked him to fetch gingelly oil; today he cursed the colleague who asked him to back that devil of a horse.

He was a dictator at home. It thrilled him to see the hunted, cowering look in his children's eyes; he was proud of the supreme mastery he had over his wife. He was the Sultan, with slaves cringing at his feet. One word uttered by him, a little louder than usual, set three hearts beating much, very much faster.

It was 8-30 in the morning. His eldest son was sobbing over his slate, his little daughter squalling unconcerned; and the wife was busying herself with his breakfast. He plumped down upon his low wooden seat, and cleared his throat noisily, glaring at the kitchen, for the plantain leaf had not yet arrived before him. He persuaded himself that he was a martyr: he slaved in an office day-in and day-out, and the ungrateful wretches who lived on him would not even prepare his breakfast, mere chicken feed, in time.

The rice was steaming hot in a little white mound on his leaf; and the family tyrant was in action. He threw the rice with quick nervous fingers all over the leaf, and all over the floor, cursing audibly. The sauce was too hot, the buttermilk unspeakably sour. He even raised a food-bedaubed hand to strike the meek housewife.

He dressed himself hurriedly, that is to say, he put on his coat. The coat, badly cut, frayed almost to discoloured shreds, was a much prized article of dress with him. It had acquired the contours of his body; it was proud that it had not passed through a launderer's hand for the last seven years. The silent housewife placed the soiled bag containing the tiffin box at his feet. He kicked it viciously away from him till the container banged against the wall and rebounded, throwing its contents about.

And he stalked out of the room, out of the house, out on to the open road. The open road takes down a self-important person by a few pegs. He sees himself diminished all round, as in a telescope. That is probably because the roof over his head is so high when he is on the open road. But all this does not account for the transformation that our little tyrant had undergone. He was just an ordinary, bald little clerk with an ungainly paunch, employed in no very prosperous firm. His face was weak, the sort of face we find in persons who are accustomed to be ill-treated by their superiors. Oh, what a fall! Being tyrannized over elsewhere, his behaviour at home was a justification of himself, an angry self-assertion of his bruised ego.

It was a bad day. Something had gone wrong with the electric supply, and so he had to wait at the station for over half an hour. He knew he was late; he was often late. He usually got off lightly as the boss rarely came to the office before noon; but today he felt that even the gods were against him, and began to walk faster. He glanced at the public clock. Dismayed, the little tyrant began to amble, to trot. And then he frankly ran. He promised his own special little god a half-rupee if he arrived before the boss.

The perspiration streaming all over his body, his old coat flying behind him, he arrived at his office, scraped his bare feet on the coir mat and skulked in, humble, uncomplaining, a frightened semi-paralyzed animal.

A sharp voice enunciating his name brought him to a dead stop. At that instant he looked as though he had received an electric shock. His heart made a wild attempt to run up his throat before he could even recollect himself. He had visualized this scene so often that he was not very much surprised at being pulled up short like this. But the experience was painful.

'Sorry, most sorry, sir,' he said incoherently, 'the fact. . .'

'This has been going on, I hear' said the boss, shooting in the dark. 'If you feel that you can't be more punctual. . .'

'It was not my fault, sir, at least. . .at least today', he interrupted the boss with a boldness that surprised even him. But the boss would not allow him to continue.

'I don't care whose fault it is. You will have to be sacked if you think that you can't help being late.'

With a curt nod he was dismissed. He was genuinely afraid that he might be sacked, and went to his desk very much worried. All the time he had a queer sensation in his back where he was afraid a heavy blow would fall at any time.

The Managing Director of the Bhima Corporation knew and had been knowing that business was slack, was almost at a standstill, and he would have to dismiss these clerks anyway. 'No harm in giving them a carefully disguised warning', thought he as he went back to his room, 'a lot I care whether they are punctual or not.'

The other clerk was a gay young fellow, as mischievous as an ape. He liked to tease; he enjoyed himself in the office as there was the little bald clerk whom he could rag just as he liked, always at his disposal.

'And where is your smelly old tiffin box today?' he asked. 'Quarrelled with Mrs, I suppose.'

'Oh, no, nothing of that sort. In fact. . .'

'Did you give her a good hiding?'

'W—What. . .?'

'So you did, I am sure. You are pretty meek here. But at home—a tyrant eh,? If your Mrs saw you here. . . .'

'Nothing of that sort! What do you know? Besides I *am* busy. Please don't ask such silly questions.'

'And all because that carcase of a horse didn't run faster, eh, father?'

This polite discourse was disturbed by a visitor who displayed his card as well as his well-groomed, well-dressed figure. He seemed to be angry about something and it looked as though he was going to fall upon the bald clerk.

'Look at this!' the newcomer cried, showing a receipt. 'What the hell do you mean by not entering the number of the shares properly? This is cheating. What are you supposed to be doing here? Where is your manager?'

'He is in, sir,' said the bald one; 'the mistake you mention is a very slight one, sir. It can be set right in no time.'

'None of your gab. That slip in the numeral means a hundred shares. Your boss must be a mutt to employ such useless, fatheaded. . .' he stormed into the manager's room.

'My God! another rumpus!' he murmured to himself.

Evening found him walking along the streets of the town. He had a violent curiosity to see what every shop contained and therefore would walk very close to the line of shops, looking in. Shop-keepers would get the impression that he was looking for some particular thing which he was eager to buy. But, of course, he never bought anything. Today, as he passed by a magnificent silk house, he was attracted by the stuffs shown and paused on the pavement to look his eyeful. The door-keeper, eyeing him scornfully, asked him what he wanted. Seeing him hesitating, the lackey asked him to get away. 'Not a single pie in his pocket, and wants to look at the silks, huh,' he heard the door-keeper muttering audibly. He walked on.

An English soldier was standing on the pavement reading the evening issue of the *Daily Shriek*. The clerk, who never bought a paper, craned his neck to read the soldier's paper. 'Naw, push on, will yer?' he said through his Cockney nose, but finding the intruder not budging, he carefully crushed the paper into a ball, put it into the intruder's surprised hands and smartly turned on his heels. The clerk felt humiliated as never before.

He had a peculiar shambling gait, not very graceful. That was because he had such an overgrown abdomen. Walking along the bye-street towards the Railway Station, he was surprised to hear some people laughing loudly behind him. The laughter sounded young. On turning back

he caught a group of schoolboys roaring, with their fingers pointing at him. He was hurt.

He walked on. He was cursing this world of men for its wickedness. After a fit of rage, self-pity overwhelmed him. He saw himself as the most ill-used innocent in the world; he cursed Brahma for making him what he was.

A cyclist butted his vehicle into him, sending him sprawling to the ground. He found that he had sprained his ankle and could walk only with great pain. The rider called him by a string of unprintable names, remounted and pedalled away. 'The last straw!' he shouted to the air.

At home order was restored when he came back. The house had been tidied, and looked bright and cheerful. But he carried gloom with him as he entered the house. Another transformation took place. The little tyrant was there again; he was only waiting for an opportunity to exercise his powers. But the coffee tasted good, and he was loth not to drink it. When he saw that only a little was left in the tumbler, he at once called the attention of his wife to a non-existent speck of dirt in the coffee and with a curse threw it from him.

He nursed his ankle which had now swelled up considerably. He thought of the day's humiliating experiences, felt very sore and began to scold his wife.

'You witch, you beldame,' he shouted, 'it was because of you, because of your demon-face. That foul face of yours, when will it stop bringing ruin on me? . .' and so on *ad infinitum*. The meek woman, who had a sweet face, sad and resigned as Sita's in Valmiki's hermitage, felt the hot tears flowing down her cheeks, but was glad that the children were away playing.

He did not stop scolding and cursing, as she fetched hot water and a towel to foment her lord and master's swollen ankle.

THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT

By Miss Sarojini Rajendram, *3rd Honours (English)*.

Softly, softly descends the gloom
Upon the vales and rills below,
While shades of dark eventide
Mantle the twilight glow.
Fireflies flitting to and fro
Present a splendid sight,
Like studded gems, or shooting stars
Shining in the stillness of the night.
O'er the hill-tops far away,
The echo of a whistling night-train
Sounds, resounds in the woodland grey,
Like the screams of a child in pain.
The stillness of the night!
Whilst fairies take us where we haven't been,
To Joyland, or strange haunts of elfins blue,
To see some little world unseen.
O! The stillness of the night!
The haven of sweet solitude,
The hour of deep reflection,
The hour of silent mood.
The stillness of the night!
Succeeding every brilliant day
While we near our final goal
And tread life's long pathway!

'ROME'

By K. J. Kuriyan, *5th-year Honours (History).*

'Rome'! I rubbed my eyes to see if they were playing me any tricks—but the large letters were still there, bright and clear, 'ROME'! Where on earth was I? Was I indeed in Rome? Had my prayers, my dreams of seeing that great city been suddenly answered by Providence?

But that was impossible! I must have dreamt that I had seen the name, for my mind was full of the book that still lay open on my knees. For Rome was its heroine—a city living and great—as lovely as any woman, and as worthy to be worshipped. And every word I read was yet imprinted on my mind.

But all at once an overpowering odour assailed my nostrils, brought by the wind—an unmistakable odour of decaying flesh! I must indeed have been miraculously transported to Rome—and I was beside the Colosseum, where the dead bodies of Christians killed inside the amphitheatre were thrown!

And suddenly I saw Rome before me—a vision of surpassing glory. Rome! the City of the Cæsars, the City of the Popes, the Eternal City, the Imperial City, that has twice conquered the World, once with the power of the sword, and once with the power of the Cross!

The Seven Hills on which she was founded rose about me, covered with magnificent buildings. The centuries had fled away. I was in Rome, at the beginning of its greatness and power. Mighty crowds thronged the Capitoline Hill, cheering some great Captain returning victorious home, surrounded by his captives and the spoils of war. Perhaps it was Julius Cæsar himself, greatest Roman of them all—perhaps Augustus, the greatest of the Emperors! Was Mark Antony in the crowd? The populace flooded the Forum, centre of the City, centre of the Empire, and centre of the ancient world. The temple of Castor and Pollux rose in all its splendour; and on another side the temple of the vestal virgins—and more beautiful than anything else, the Pantheon! I seemed to walk down the Appian Way—walking down History! Down the Road where the Ancient Roman drove his chariots and Cæsar marched his legions to conquer all Europe! I touched the paving stones which St. Peter must have trod as he fled from his persecutors for his life, which St. Paul must have trampled many a time. On either side rose tombs of the illustrious Roman dead . . .

But one building dominated the landscape, as indeed it dominated my imagination. A huge, towering, circular building, colossal in size and name—the Colosseum, the playground of the Romans. What scenes of splendour and revelry and barbarism and bloodshed had it witnessed! I saw as in a pageant Gladiators fighting unto death—I heard their last greeting: 'Ave Cæsar! We who are about to die, salute thee!' I heard heart-rending screams, blood-curdling roars as lions and leopards and tigers, maddened elephants, tore and trampled helpless human beings, while the crowd cried for more victims and more blood—laughed and loved while hundreds died for their amusement. All that human ingenuity could create was presented there; sometimes it had been flooded with water and toy navies fought sham battles.

But the Colosseum was to see much grander sport. The early Christians were sent there in their hundreds, to satisfy Nero's insatiable bloodlust—to be torn by the waiting lions. The Roman crowds had never enjoyed such entertainment—Christians who sang and prayed and knelt unshaken even as they were torn to pieces. I could even smell the reek that must have come from the dreadful pit!

But these same Christians were to rule

Rome, these persecuted people were to win for her a greater empire than Nero ever ruled—such was History's Irony! . . .

Even as I watched in wonder, four centuries seemed to pass away. Rome's glory declined, her people grew luxurious and decadent—the Goths and the Vandals sacked the proud city. The far-flung empire crumpled into dust. I saw the glorious buildings slowly disintegrating before the onslaught of time and ruthless foes. The columns of the Capitol were shattered; Castor and Pollux fled from their ruined temple, the vestal virgins were desolate—the ancient Gods of Rome were overthrown!

But the greatness of Rome was not ended—a new and splendid Rome was to rise! Was not the city 'Eternal'? The Cæsars had conquered with legions of Roman soldiers. Now came the Popes, and they conquered the world with legions of priests armed with Christ's teachings of Love and Brotherhood. Rome became once again Mistress of all Europe—the centre of civilization. St. Peter's Cathedral rose to rival the Pantheon. The Vatican became a city, complete in itself—the greatest and most amazing palace in the world—worthy home for the 'Vicar of God' on earth. Michæl Angelo created more wonderful paintings and sculptures and fashioned finer buildings than the ancient artists of Imperial Rome. And with the Renaissance, Rome became the centre of the world's culture and learning as she had been in the days of Augustus. Rome discovered her own past, the glory and the greatness that the 'Dark Ages' had lost and forgotten. The spirits of Cicero and Virgil walked down the Campagna once more with St. Paul and Aquinas. And the princes of the Church built palaces as luxurious as the Patricians of old. The Borgias patronised painting and sculpture—while they perfected the art of murder. The crowds thronged the centre of the city. But it was not in the Forum to cheer some returning general, or in the Colosseum to see Christians thrown to the lions—but in the Piazza San Petro to receive the blessings of the Pope . . .

Again I saw Rome as she was a little while ago. Still in all her ancient glory, spiritual mistress of half Christendom. And pilgrims from everywhere thronged to Rome—some to pray—some to see the glory of the past. But Rome was not satisfied. She remembered her past, the days when she had ruled the world. And there arose one who wanted to become a Cæsar! He raised mighty legions to conquer the world, as Julius Cæsar and Augustus and Agricola had done before him. But Mussolini was not made of the same stuff as the Emperors of old, he was but a sawdust Cæsar, and his legions were made of chaff. His plans came to naught, his vainglorious dreams dissolved into air. He fell—and great Rome fell with him. And so I saw her as she is now, humbled at last. And today Allied soldiers from all corners of the world march proudly up the Capitoline hill where Cæsar had marched in his triumphs. How are the mighty fallen! Roman mobs now crowd, not for spectacles or blessings—but to clamour for food, and clothing, and shelter.

Was the greatness of the Eternal City ended for ever with the fall of the Il Duce? Old Father Tiber had seen Rome's glories wither, star by star. The Imperial Mount is but a mass of ruin—Trojan's and Titus' pillars are broken—the Scipios' tomb is tenantless.

I had seen at a glance two thousand years of glorious History come to naught—and Rome's shame seemed my own. Overcome by my emotions, overwhelmed by my thoughts I tried to dispel the vision of defeated Rome from my mind. . .

Something startled me—the vision of Rome faded from my eyes. And then I realised with relief that I was not in Rome at all, but had been dreaming in the second class compartment of an electric train going to Tambaram! I then saw what had given rise to my miraculous trip to Rome. I had been reading 'Rome' by Emile Zola—and what I had taken to be dead Christians was the smell that emanates from all tanneries! And through the half-closed door of the compartment I had seen the central portion of the board showing the name of the station where the train had halted for a few minutes; CHROMEPET.

IN THE FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

BY T. V. DATTATRIYAN, *3rd Honours (English).*

My friend, the Captain of the Foot-ball Team,
Hurriedly rushed into my room one day.
'Pigu, old man,' he hissed with bated breath—
He calls me 'Pigu', I know not why—
'Meet me near Heber Hall at half-past four.'
'Meet you near Heber Hall at half-past four?'
I queried guardedly; 'What's the game?'
'Foot-ball', said the Man of Very Few Words,
And rushed out, leaving me to raise my eyebrows
(My pretty eyebrows that Shiela likes so much)
And then run after him like Mary's lamb.
He strolled into the canteen, I followed him there;
He strolled into the library, I followed him still:
And soon I caught him hovering around
The sacred precincts of the women's room.
'Say, Chandru,' I gasped breathless and tir'd,
'Supply foot-notes. How do you mean "Foot-ball"?
'Short of players,' he said and turned to go.
'Stay,' I cried, 'what you see over there
Is the red flag of the U.O.T.C.'———
Then an emphatic—'It is not a sari'.
He agreed to stay (how sportive of him!)
And let me have further details. But—
'I've never played foot-ball in my life,
I will only make an ass of myself.'
'There's absolutely no necessity.'
He laughed—he would call that a joke I know.
'Shift–ho?' he said, as in the neighbouring fields
Loafing about he spied a distant blue.
He added as an afterthought: 'Should you
By any chance fail to be there in time
I'll lift you up in the air by the ears.'
And he looked as though he would do it too.
I raced back to my room, I did not want
My pretty ears to get out of shape,
My ears that Shiela had praised so often.
Worming my fleshy self into a pair of shorts—
Black ones, I fancy myself in black, you know,
I am told it suits my complexion so—
I dashed into the field just in time.
The referee was ready, so were the ball,
Those who came to boo, and those who came to play.
A blast of the whistle, then a blast of air
Rushed through me as a scurvy knave
Chased the ball with nought but foul intent.
Then I thus addressed a few words to myself:

'O thou of much flesh, let it not be said
He got the ball when thou wert in the field.'
With murder in my eyes I approached him,
I wanted the ball, he wanted it too.
And as they supply only one ball
We had to fight it out between ourselves.
He gave me a kick right on my left leg—
A dashed cowardly thing to do, I say,
For he feigned to hit the ball and misled me.
The spirit of my ancestors bore me up
And I knew I should give it back to him.
Wherever he kicked, I was present;
And wherever I kicked, I wished he were.
He kicked as he would kick his feet away
Till there arose the Man in me.
'Rid the world of this eyesore,' said this man.
'O.K.' I said, 'just give me some time.'
I watched my crowded front, there he was
Dancing round and round the ball again.
'Shiela is watching thee,' I told myself,
'Be thou a man and have a go at him.'
I rushed at that Shapeless Mass of Flesh
But ere I could lay loving hands on him.
The ball got entangled under my feet
And headed straight into the goal
While I headed into my counterpart's arms,
And could for a moment behold only stars.

* * * * *

Loud are the shouts and long, many the cheers,
Many the cameras that click merrily,
Still many the hands that land on my shoulder blades.
I am sent back with a sprained ankle—
I am but a wounded soldier now—
And many offer to come with me.
(Silly Fools! Why won't they leave me alone,
Leave the world to darkness, to Shiela and to me—
Shiela, who had promised me,.how sportive of her!
A kiss for every goal I scored).

THE TERRORIST

By George Isaac, *Class II, Group 1 a.*

It was bitingly cold outside, a dry cold wind from the desert whistled through the narrow cobbled streets of the little sleeping town, kicking up little eddies of dust and rattling the shuttered windows. It was night. By the light of a dim smelly oil lamp, the soldier watched the dust percolating through the space under the door and spreading itself in a fine mist through the room. The soldier stamped his feet to restore the circulation in his legs, and drew the military cloak tighter around his body. His thoughts were far away; under the familiar skies of his home. He was lost in reverie.

Suddenly the soldier arose, he was cursing softly but luridly. He threw open the window and peered with undisguised disgust down the dim street. This was the filthy sordid East of reality, not the gilded glamorous East he had imagined. Fluently he cursed the malignant fate which had abandoned him in this God-forsaken hole in Palestine. His thoughts turned to his prisoner. By the pale morning light, which entered through the half-open window, he could dimly make out his figure, crouched in an attitude of prayer. 'A devil of a lot prayer is going to help him', reflected the soldier contemptuously. 'The dirty terrorist —he ought to have been picked up by the desert patrols long ago. Anyway, he had been given plenty of rope to hang himself with, and by Jove, he had done it.' The soldier smiled. 'Even his own people had turned against him—his few remaining followers would soon be brought in.'

It was already early morning, knots of people were gathering in the courtyard outside and their discordant shouts could be heard gradually rising in volume. The soldier had been in Palestine long enough to understand the language. He rose hastily and closed the window; the sound of the shouts outside dimmed to a low murmur in the room. The soldier clumped down the stairs to inspect the guard. He had no intention of getting court-martialled by letting the enraged crowd tear the prisoner to pieces.

Outside the crowd had increased to gigantic proportions. Their threats and slogans rent the air, and fusilades of stones assailed the prison building. In the twilight of the closed room the prisoner's figure stood out, tall, dignified and unmoved. His composure annoyed the soldier. With a sneer on his lips he threw open the window. The room was filled with a thunder of sound. The roar of the crowd rose in demoniacal fury, and the open window became the target of every stone. The soldier stepped back, the better to observe the prisoner's reaction to this demonstration of hate. He was disappointed. The prisoner had paled, but no sign of his emotions were visible on his face. The soldier leant out to close the window, a stone struck his helmet and bounded off, another struck the prisoner full in the face, sending him staggering back. A dark trickle of blood dribbled down the corner of his mouth. In the sudden silence of the closed room he said, 'Abbo, sbuck lehoon loa gere eudeen mono obdeen.' The soldier laughed raucously, and still laughing strode out of the room.

The shouts of the crowd suddenly began to die away and instead there came from the street the measured tramp of marching soldiers. The soldier sighed with relief, straightened his uniform, adjusted his helmet and went down to meet the relief guard.

Five minutes later he was striding down

the street. He was glad his unpleasant duty was over. He turned down a bylane and clumped into an inn.

It was later in the day. The sun seemed to have completely disappeared. A terrible wind screeched across the country, dark clouds moved ominously across a sky of inky blackness, the thunder roared intermittently, the lightning cracked and flickered wickedly across the sky. The soldier was frightened and worried. Stumbling and falling he groped his way forward. He had lost his way long ago. Suddenly an appalling burst of lightning seemed to tear the sky apart. The soldier cringed with horror. Silhouetted in brilliant relief, not a hundred yards from where he was, stood three crosses. On the central Cross he recognised the bowed head and outstretched arms of his late prisoner. Above the lowered head he read, 'THE KING OF THE JEWS.' The prisoner's last words echoed in his fevered mind. 'Abbo sbuck lehoon loa gere eudeen mone obdeen' (Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do). He did not feel like laughing. The clank of armour died away as a Roman legionnaire made his way down the path and disappeared into the darkness. The lightning flashed and the thunder roared above the three crosses on Calvary.

RESONANCE

BY R. VENKATESWARAN, *B. Sc.*

Blind as a bat in daytime, flapping
Clumsy wings with pointless energy
Until dusk returns, black dusk which
Illumines, explains and interprets,
Dusk and the night which do not last,
But are mere flecks, mere points
Punctuating the long, the endless,
The meaningless Day : so do we live
In the Day of Life : the inner mystery
Of creation and purpose, the meaning
Is denied us through the live-long Day.
But then, flecks of super-consciousness,
Points of world-awareness make
The human soul resonate to the rhythm,
The inner harmony of the universe.
Tune your ears, keep them *en prise,*
For the universal soul's clear call
Is confused by the harsh dissonances
Of daily human life: Let your soul resound
But once, and darkness shall be light,
And ignorance, knowledge.

NEIGHBOURS

If you approach Tambaram from Madras by road, shortly before you reach the railway station you will notice on your right a thatched building, in a compound enclosed by a high hedge, and a board announcing 'Tambaram Child Welfare Centre and Haxey Maternity Ward'. It would probably not occur to you to connect this humble piece of local service with the Madras Christian College, but in actual fact the two things are very closely related.

In 1932 Mr. Barnes (then professor of Chemistry), and Mrs. Barnes settled on the College site in the first house to be built, in order to supervise the laying out of the College grounds. It did not take long for them to become known as friends to the coolies working on the College buildings and to their families in the neighbouring villages; nor did it take long for Mrs. Barnes to become aware of the urgent need for medical relief to women and children, for whom there was no hospital nearer than Madras. Mr. Theophilus, a retired Government servant and a former student of the College who had recently settled in Tambaram, suggested the possibility of starting a Welfare Centre and offered a shed on his own compound for the purpose. With generous help in advice and equipment from the Red Cross, Mrs. Barnes was enabled to open the Welfare Centre in 1935. The experiment proved its usefulness at once. With the moving of the College to Tambaram in 1937, interest was quickly aroused among the wives of the staff and voluntary workers were provided. A grant of land was obtained from Government, money was raised for a building, and the present Centre opened in 1939.

From the beginning, the work of the Centre included a daily clinic for minor ailments, and the feeding of undernourished children, a weekly mothers' clinic under an honorary medical officer, and home visiting in the neighbouring villages, to encourage people to use the Centre, and to give elementary instruction in hygiene. Before long it became obvious that some provision for taking in maternity cases was absolutely essential, the village huts being often totally unsuitable for patients. When Mrs. Platten was on furlough in England she roused so much interest among members of the country church of which her father is the vicar, that they raised, during the war, money for the building of a maternity ward which is known, in recognition of this gift, as the Haxey Maternity Ward. This now provides accommodation for 8 patients, and has had added to it a small labour room, built and partially equipped by the R.N.A.S., in appreciation of the work done by the Centre for the dependents of workers on the aerodrome.

In 1945 a total of 3,962 patients were treated at the Centre. In addition to these, 150 babies were born in the Centre; in many cases lives were saved by the prompt attention of Dr. Thomas, and much unnecessary suffering prevented. 1,254 visits were paid by nurses and voluntary workers to the homes of patients. Our records show that patients come from villages as much as 16 miles from Tambaram. No one can count on limited hours of work, or nights of sleep, in work of this kind. Take a night such as this. Dorcas the resident midwife, and Ruth the ayah, have settled the in-patients, and gone to bed themselves, when a lantern appears at the gate, a voice calls, Dorcas packs her bag, and is off to a neighbouring village to introduce a new life into the world. On the way she calls up Agilandam, the second midwife, who has to set off for the Centre in case of another emergency call. No sooner is she settled there than there is another shout, a bullock cart lumbers up to the gate, a woman inside in a stupor of agony, after two days in the hands of a barber midwife who has now given her up as a bad job, then 8 miles in a bullock cart to take refuge in the Welfare Centre. The husband

At the Tambaram Welfare Centre

WINNERS

BASKETBALL

BOXING

TRACK & FIELD SPORTS

is sent for Dr. Thomas, Agilandam prepares the labour room, and before morning a child is safely born, and the mother is peacefully sleeping in the whitewashed Haxey Ward. With daylight, Dorcas returns, another new baby safely arrived in the house to which she had gone, no sleep that night, but ready to help Agilandam with the next case which is already in the labour room. And then the day begins; women and children with minor ailments trickle in for the daily clinic, more children come for their daily milk and shark liver oil, new mothers and babies are cared for—later in the day there are visits to pay to new babies who have been born in their own homes—and so it goes on.

A word about finance. Apart from a small monthly grant from the Indian Red Cross, to which the Centre is affiliated, it is financed wholly by voluntary subscriptions. The greater part of the monthly income comes in in small sums from residents of Tambaram, chiefly members of the College staff. But this income is quite inadequate, even for the very small monthly expenditure. The patients themselves pay whatever they can give towards medicines and nursing, but many in-patients, for instance, can pay only the minimum of 14 as. for confinement and 3 days' nursing in the ward. We have usually managed somehow to cover expenses by finding special donations or making special appeals, but the Centre remains in very great need of a stable monthly income adequate to cover its very modest expenditure of under Rs. 200 per month, and of certain capital expenditures. The tiled roof of the maternity ward leaks so badly that patients have had to be moved out of it during the rains, and the thatched roof of the clinic is becoming worn out—so both roofs urgently need to be re-made. Another serious need is a kitchen, in which the relatives of in-patients can cook for them, as few can afford to buy food from the bazaar, and with our very small resources we cannot feed patients at the expense of the Centre. We are also seriously in need of a third nurse-midwife to take responsibility for the home visiting of patients. When we find such a new member of staff our expenses will be considerably increased.

The final responsibility for the Centre rests on a small committee of the voluntary workers, but the actual work is largely in the hands of two trained nurse-midwives, of whom one is actually the employee of the District Board; the other is paid by the Committee. The weekly antenatal clinic is conducted by a lady-doctor from Madras, who is Hon. Visiting Medical Officer, and her service is much appreciated, but the valuable work of the maternity ward could never have been contemplated without the skilful and most willing service of Dr. K. E. Thomas, Medical Officer of the College. The Centre has also always been fortunate in the help given by wives of the College staff, with whom we have been happy to include some of the women students of the College.

The service which is given by such a Centre as this is almost unlimited in its scope—simple and elementary—yet it must for many years to come be by such simple means that the women and children of village communities will be served—by nurses and midwives who do their work with cheerful enthusiasm, and by voluntary workers who count it a privilege to share their service.

The Tambaram Welfare Centre is certainly one of the closest links between the Madras Christian College and its village neighbours, even though its work is carried on so quietly that few beyond those actively interested know anything about it. We hope that this account will serve to interest some who have not hitherto known the purpose of the thatched building near the station on the left hand side of the road going into Madras, and the work that is done under its roof.

NARSA GANDHEKAR,
Hon. Secretary.
AGNES MARTIN,
Hon. Treasurer.

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT FOR 1946[1]

Today I have the new experience of reviewing the events of a year during half of which I was myself absent from Tambaram. There are obvious difficulties involved in this, but there are also certain advantages in not knowing too much. If you find that this report sets the events of the first half of the year in an unusually attractive light, you will understand that it is the work of my own creative imagination, unencumbered by any too-detailed knowledge of what actually took place.

The first outstanding event of the year was no doubt the College Day, and my imagination pictures thousands of former students of the College flocking up to St. Thomas's Hall to be welcomed by Mr. Sanjiva Kamath and the Acting Principal, and then to greet their former teachers and their former fellow-students. It may be that my imagination has got the figure wrong, and there were only hundreds, or even only dozens, of them—but I hope they enjoyed themselves. I have read the report that Mr. Platten made on that occasion, and am sure that it must have helped the visitors to appreciate the vitality and variety of our College life in Tambaram.

Shortly after the College Day, I have no doubt whatever that the whole College went through a period of semi-lunacy; it happens every year about the same time, but, in justice to the former students who visit us on College Day, I am bound to say that it has no connection with their visit. The symptoms are different in different cases. Some of those affected begin to get up very early in the mornings in order to 'keep fit'; others go to bed very early in the evening for the same reason; some very heavy students begin to look after their health extremely carefully, and try to put on more weight; others, of the more mercurial type, begin to reduce their weight and can be seen running in wide circles at great speed; many of the small but intellectual variety are mentally disturbed, and begin to carry out complicated arithmetical calculations which bear no relationship to the normal interests of their lives; even members of staff who ought to know better sometimes get bitten by the bug, and do quite unusual things. This is the annual outbreak of sports-mania, which increases in intensity until Commemoration Day, when we remember our 'famous men' in the morning and have our sports in the afternoon. That happens on a Friday; the Saturday is the day of *post mortem's*; the Sunday is a much-needed day of rest; and on the Monday, we heave a sigh, and remind ourselves that the University examinations are due to begin in about six weeks.

In 1946, we appear to have got on pretty well in those same examinations. Personally, I am never quite sure just how well we *ought* to get on, and I have sometimes even wondered whether our results are not a little bit too good. Most of you will realise why I say that. In any school or college which wants to have what is called 'a good name', there is always a temptation to teach 'for examinations' and to encourage students to study 'for examinations', and since one usually gets what one wants, if one wants it intensely enough, this kind of teaching and studying is usually successful in achieving its immediate objective. But teaching and studying too exclusively preoccupied with success in examinations are not in the long run the most fruitful. They are apt to produce what they set out to produce, and not much else. They do not create intellectual independence, mental acuteness and flexibility, habits of spontaneous, interested study. That is why I never feel quite happy about going into detailed statistics about our performances in examinations. I *hope* that, in our teach-

[1]Read by the Principal at College Day, 28 December 1946

ing and studying, we are at least making a wise compromise between the examination-interest and the interests which are of more permanent significance; and I *hope* also that the whole quality of our corporate life is making the most important contribution of all to the education of our junior members; but I do occasionally wonder; and I should certainly be very sorry indeed to give the impression that I think the real results can be measured by percentages at all. But I must say the percentages were good! In the Intermediate Examination, 62% of our candidates passed completely, nearly half of them in the First Class. In the B.Sc. Examination, out of 92 candidates, 87 passed, 12 of them in the First Class and 23 in the Second Class. In the B.A. Examination, the general average of performance was rather lower, for, as is now beginning to be generally realised, the B.A. course taken as a whole is really more difficult than the B.Sc. course. Yet the abler students, on the Science side, flock into the B.Sc. classes. Nevertheless, I can report that not a single candidate for the B.A. Examination failed completely, and that about half of them passed in those parts of the examination for which they were sent up. In the B.A. Hons. and B.Sc. Hons. Examinations, only one of the 57 candidates who appeared for the whole examination failed to secure the Honours degree, and he was at least awarded the consolation-prize of a pass degree. 8 candidates passed in the First Class, 32 in the Second Class, and 16 in the Third Class. Finally, in the M.A. Examination, for which 19 candidates appeared, 11 passed in the Second Class and 6 in the Third Class.

To balance all this talk about examinations, I should perhaps give a detailed report also of our successes and our failures in athletic competitions of various kinds, —though again one has to remind oneself that successful performances in competitive tournaments are by no means the be-all and end-all of healthy athletic activity, and that too much concentration on the winning of trophies may be a positive menace to the true sporting spirit. I think it can be said that, ever since we settled down in Tambaram, the students generally have played games and practised athletics for the right reason —namely, that they enjoy it—and a certain measure of success in competitions has naturally followed. In 1946, we won the Inter-Collegiate Sports Championship for the seventh year in succession, the Boxing Championship for the eleventh year in succession, and the Basketball Championship for the first time. The Cricket Team didn't get on as well as might have been expected, considering what a galaxy of stars it had at its disposal, but it produced one or two very distinguished performances, while the Hockey and Football Teams jogged along comfortably enough, doing nothing very extraordinary, but keeping their heads above water

Study and games together do not quite make up the sum-total of our college life, but the more subtle residue is not easy to report upon. Former students frequently write to me that the years they spent at Tambaram have been the happiest years of their lives. Since most of them are very young, that doesn't mean so much as it would mean on the lips of a man of sixty or ninety, but it does mean something. The young men who live here undoubtedly enjoy a consciousness of community which is precious to them in actual experience and even more in retrospect. The feeling of being 'a band of brothers' is manifested in various ways; it expresses itself obscurely in dark initiatory rites at the beginning of the academic year; it achieves more refined expression, where its development is healthy, in habits of loyal service to the community. This corporate life has many contributory elements—working together, playing together, eating together, and worshipping together are chief among them—and I would add that something very important in its quality both from our college point of view and from the national point of view, would be lost, were not the student-body a widely varied community, drawn from many different language-areas, and representing many different traditions. That has an important bearing on some questions of educational policy which are now being widely discussed.

Among the ingredients, then, of this somewhat complicated experience which constitutes College life, the University Officers' Training Corps continues to enjoy a fairly vigorous existence, though not so vigorous as during the war years; and once more our contingent won the Championship Shield for efficiency in War Certificate examinations. The Dramatic Society has for the time being kept itself in the background, but is expected to do something interesting next term; meanwhile there has been a Malayalam play, with something like twenty-five scenes; and various dramatic masterpieces, most of them created by our own playwrights, and some of them highly topical, have been presented at domestic occasions in the Halls. The Carnatic Music Society has not been heard so frequently as in some previous years, but is still quite palpably alive; the Western Music Society has languished, but will no doubt sooner or later have a renaissance. The Union Society has been extraordinarily active in the production of distinguished speakers—although I am bound to say that cabinet ministers have proved somewhat elusive—and the various other societies have caused us to be addressed, in English, and in every South Indian language, on a wide variety of subjects.

As a college, we have continued to try to be of service to those immediately around us, through the Rural Service League. The work of the League was to some extent dislocated when its chairman, Dr. Adiseshiah, departed from our midst, but things are rapidly being straightened out, old activities are being revived, and new experiments are being considered. Regular visits to the villages, by students and staff, are still the main item on our programme. We can be of service to the villagers by offering medical assistance in minor ailments—our medicines, if they do no good, will at any rate do no harm—, by helping them when necessary to correspond with Government officers, by organising play-centres for the children, Youth Leagues for the young men, and night-schools for the illiterate adults, and by assisting, encouraging, cajoling, and bribing the children into attending day-school with the greatest possible regularity. The villagers can in their turn be of service to us by reminding us that we live a comparatively sheltered existence, and by helping us to understand the problems which beset 99% of the people of the land. At our own Rural Service centre, a number of village boys are being instructed in paper-making, spinning, and weaving, and they also get some general education and a good mid-day meal. When the times are propitious, the hand-pounded rice industry will no doubt begin again. Finally, the Centre is supposed to give our students an opportunity of digging, sowing, watering, and reaping, in the sweat of their own brow. I can report that the land was dug, and the seeds were sown, but I cannot honestly report that I have seen any very material results so far.

Members of staff come and go, and during this year they came and went more than usual. Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan retired owing to ill-health, after a lifetime in the college as student and teacher; our good wishes go with him and we hope that his health will soon be restored. Mr. T.K. Rajasekharan left us to take up an appointment in Ceylon, Mr. E. Divien to join a sister-college in Madras, Mr. J. Vedasiromani to become Principal of St. John's College, Palamcottah, Mr. D. Krishnaswami to go into business, Mr. P. C. George to take over the Botany Department in a new college, and Mr. V. Anantanarayan to join the staff of the Travancore University. Dr Adiseshiah availed himself of a year's leave, and is likely to continue in the work of International Student Service to which he has been devoting himself; Mr. Platten and Mr. Macnicol departed for a thoroughly well-earned furlough. But, for all this, there were compensations. Former students of the College, Mr. M. Sargurudoss, Mr. Harry Daniel, Mr. S. Rangachari, Mr. K.C. Abraham, Mr. R. Venkateswaran and Mr. C. Ambasankaran, were appointed to various lecturing posts, permanent or temporary, Mr. S. Srinivasachari took over the French classes, Mr. A. A. Gnanadas came to our Mathematics Department from the American College, Madura, Mr. K. Damodaran

Thampan came to our Botany Department from the Zamorin's College, Calicut, and Mr. Chandran Devanesan, son of a former professor of the College, was appointed Professor of History.

It has become customary to say a word or two about finance in this report, and I think it is a good custom. For years, finance was never mentioned, and I believe it began to be taken for granted that we were extremely well off, and need never give a moment's thought to sordid considerations of rupees, annas, pies. Actually, the situation is very different. For a long time, the cost of carrying on such institutions as this has been gradually rising—in very recent years, the increase in cost has been enormous—while at the same time the amount of assistance from public funds has been gradually decreasing. It is generally believed that 'aided' institutions receive from Government about 50% of the net cost of maintenance, and this is no doubt true with regard to schools. But, in the case of colleges, the whole affair is so hedged round with limitations as to what is, or is not, 'admissible expenditure', that, in the long run, only a small proportion of the net deficit is made up by Government grants. In the year 1946, this College received from Government about Rs. 28,000 by way of grants, but it will be necessary for the management to provide from its own resources, other than fee-income, a sum of Rs. 75,000 in order to balance the accounts. Only a few weeks ago the further discouraging fact became known to us that the special assistance which Government is making available in order to assist managements to pay Dearness Allowance to members of teaching staffs is not meanwhile being give to First Grade or Professional Colleges, the very institutions which are most costly to those who maintain them.

Apart from these financial questions, which do, I think, deserve the close attention of Government, if it would prevent even the best University Colleges in this province from lapsing into inefficiency,—the outlook is not discouraging. In these unsettled days, people sometimes ask me what I think will be the future of the College in the New India which is now in the making. Well, I am no prophet, to foretell the future, but I see no reason to suppose that the part to be played in the future by the Madras Christian College will be any less useful and honourable than the part which it has played in the past. We have behind us 110 years of distinguished service which has, I believe, been greatly valued, and *is* greatly valued, by the people of South India, and beyond. I can say with complete confidence that there is no College in India, or for that matter any where in the world, more beloved by its *alumni* or more respected by those who look at it from outside their ranks. In the new day to which we are all looking forward, adjustments will no doubt be necessary, as in fact they always are necessary wherever there is healthy life; but I have every confidence that our future will be continuous with, and worthy of, the great traditions of our past. If it is to be so, however, two conditions have to be fulfilled. One, to which I have already alluded, is that the College, if she is to continue to be herself, must continue to draw a widely various student-population from every part of the Madras Presidency, and beyond. Some Colleges are planned and founded to serve a particular locality, and it is their pride and privilege to carry out that special concentrated piece of work with the greatest possible efficiency. Other colleges are planned and founded, not for any special region, but as centres to which students will come from far and wide. That is true, I think, of most of the colleges in our City of Madras, and it is certainly true of this predominantly residential institution to which we all belong. Anything that would hamper or destroy our inter-regional character would endanger one of the essential characteristics of our tradition, and one which is of the greatest possible value as a contribution towards the creating and maintaining of national unity.

The other condition of our continued useful activity is that we should continue to be in the best sense a *Christian* college. By that I emphatically do not mean that we should draw our students only from the

Christian community, nor do I mean that, in our classrooms, Christian dogma should be forced down the unwilling throats, or the unsuspecting throats, of the immature students committed to our charge. What I do mean is that we should continue to be what we have always been, a College inspired by a Christian motive, seeking to make the best that we know available to all who desire to receive it. In a recent resurgence of old-fashioned Victorian liberalism, I have seen suggestions that every school and college should, as it were, attempt to be 'all things to all men'; but, in my view, that would mean in effect that they would be of little positive value to anybody at all. Let us continue to be ourselves and to stand for something positive and definite, and let other institutions be themselves, and stand for something, albeit something different. It is, I believe, in such harmonious cooperation of different institutions, each maintaining its own marked individuality, and yet bringing something of value to the common stock, it is in such harmonious cooperation of markedly individual types, rather than in some flat uniformity which would destroy all differences and all individuality, that the true solution of our educaticnal problems, and of many problems in an even wider field, must surely be found.

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COLLEGE NOTES

THE REV. T. G. PLATTEN

Everybody in the College will be very sorry to learn that Mr. Platten is not coming back to us, and it hardly needs to be said that this means a great loss for our college life. The news was not entirely unexpected; even in normal times, it is not easy to take a decision which means that children must be left for a long period without their parents, and present economic conditions in India and in Britain add new difficulties. But, up to the last moment, Mr. and Mrs. Platten were hoping that they might somehow be enabled to return to the work which they loved, and their present decision is as painful for them as for us.

For ten years, without a break, Mr. Platten served as Professor of Physics; in the ninth year, he was Bursar of the college, and in the tenth year, Acting Principal, and both of those offices he filled with distinction. But his main contribution to the life of the College was made in his capacity as Warden of Bishop Heber Hall, from 1936 (when it was a new-born, or rather re-born, infant in Madras) till 1944. Perhaps only his most intimate colleagues can fully realise how eagerly, how unselfishly, and how prayerfully he gave himself to the duties of the Wardenship, but every member of the Hall must surely have been in some degree aware of it. And his pioneer work has laid good foundations.

Mr. Platten used to remark ruefully that he lacked social gifts, but his somewhat aloof manner, variegated by an occasional momentary brusqueness, deceived nobody; his kindness and generosity and humility were known to all. Mrs. Platten also will be greatly missed in the College, where her cheerful friendliness captured many hearts, and in the Tambaram Welfare Centre to which she devoted so much of her time and strength. Both of them will long be remembered by many friends in Tambaram, and in South India generally; in bidding goodbye to them (and to Christopher, Felicity, and Geoffrey), we would offer our grateful thanks and our warm good wishes for a happy future.

E. B. ROSS

News was received in January of the death of EDWARD BURNS ROSS, who was Professor of Mathematics in this college from 1907 to 1933. His last years were spent in retirement in Edinburgh, where he was increasingly crippled by paralysis, and was not often able to leave his house. He was there visited by many friends of the College who visited Edinburgh, who found him even up to the last year keen and active in mind and with a lively humour.

Those of us who knew him as a professor and a colleague remember his original and penetrating mind, seeing through to aspects of the facts which others would miss. He was able to converse on a great variety of topics and often lit them up with an unusual shaft of humour. He was a kindly and sympathetic colleague. One in real trouble would find the greatest sympathy and understanding from him, which was the greater comfort for being so completely undemonstrative. He was one who gave himself, his life, to the college, seeking little for himself, but opening for his students and for those who lived or worked with him a way into a truly educated life-- the education he worked for was never a training of the mind alone, but of the spirit and of the whole man. His life of selfless service was grounded and centred in his loyalty to Christ, and his wise words helped us to take hold of the truth that is in Christ.

E. B. Ross studied in Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities, standing high in the list of Wranglers at Cambridge in the year in which Eddington (the late Sir Arthur Eddington) was Senior Wrangler. It was nearly the last year in which the

ranks in the Tripos examinations were published. Eddington and he were and remained close friends. After Cambridge he worked for some years under Karl Pearson, the pioneer of statistical theory, in London, and on coming to Madras Ross introduced the study of statistical theory as a special subject in the mathematics honours course. The need for statistical theory was far less widely recognised then than it is today. He introduced the subject in Madras University, and prepared students to meet needs which were felt later. He had an affectionate place in the memory of many old students, and a few continued correspondence with him into his last years.

During the years in which he was College Librarian Ross devoted much time and thought to the more efficient circulation of the books. His knowledge of such a wide range of subjects, and his insight into their essentials, qualified him to prepare a new system of library classification. He had many discussions with S. R. Ranganathan, who had been his pupil and who was University Librarian, and encouraged him in the preparation of the system of classification now used by both the University and the College Libraries.

THE MAGAZINE

As announced in the last number, a Magazine Committee has been formed, and has made itself largely responsible for the present issue. Several of the members hope to return to College next year, and it is to be hoped that they, with others to replace the members who do not survive, will be active from the beginning of the first term.

Literary Editor—T. V. Dattatriyan.
News Editor—K. Kurien.
Advertisements Manager—G. Lakshminarasu.
Honours Classes—H. R. Roberts.
Class IV—N. S. Mani.
Class III—S. Sivasankar.
Intermediate—A. Ramachandra Rao Sahib.

BOOK-REVIEW

A Hand-Book of Classical Sanskrit Literature—by U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A. Published by V. Venkataraya Sastri & Bros.; pp. 180. Price Rs. 2.

Owing to paucity of time, it is not possible for us to review the book in full in this number; our chief aim at present is to announce its publication. There are very few text books on Classical Sanskrit literature suitable for the average College Student. Macdonell and Keith have been recommended for consultation, but Macdonell says very little about the epics and the puranas, and the matter in his book as well as in Keith's small book in *The Heritage of India* Series is not quite adequate. Keith has two bigger books separately dealing with the drama and classical literature, but they are too profound for the ordinary student. Winternitz, likewise, is too elaborate. In the present work, we find all important topics bearing on classical Sanskrit literature dealt with so as to be of use to the student while not ignoring the needs of the scholar as well.

The questions from the papers of the Madras University which have been collected and printed at the end are sure to be of help to the student. The printing and the get-up are not very satisfactory and we hope all defects in those fields will be remedied in the next edition.

We are sure that this book written by a Sanskrit lecturer with nearly twenty years of teaching experience in College classes will be of great value to students and teachers alike.

X. K. R. C.

THE HALLS

SELAIYUR HALL

The one thing about which I complained in the last report was rectified this term—with a vengeance. We had a full-fledged General Body Meeting this term lasting for more than an hour and a half. It was, as the chairman remarked, one of the most interesting and lively general body meetings we have ever had. The questioners and the questioned exchanged lively verbal repartees—all in good spirit. A unique feature of this meeting was the vote of censure moved by the Chairman (Mr. Martin) against the Warden (Mr. Martin) which was passed unanimously.

Since the time the last report was sent in, the Selaiyur Foresters have played two more matches—one against the Mambalam Youths' Cricket Club and the other against the Tambaram Nationals—winning both. The inclement weather has driven them away from the cricket field and consequently the sound of the bat on the ball is not heard in the vicinity of Selaiyur. Perhaps the captain thought it better not to be caught on a wet wicket as England was against Australia at Brisbane.

There has been one change in the Hall Committee—Mr. D. K. T. Stevens being elected as the President of the European Mess in place of Mr. M. K. Kagwa.

Our Hall Day went off nicely in spite of the fact that we were unable to hold the Science Exhibition which has always been a distinctive feature of our Hall Days. This academic year has been an exceptionally successful one for us because after a rather long separation of four years, the athletic shield has come back to us, we hope, for long. If one might prophesy about such things, we also dare say that we are almost sure of winning the Basket-ball Shield too.*

Thus the year 1946-47 has seen Dame Fortune smiling on us and we hope that in succeeding years, the team work and good spirit of future Selaiyurians, may assist her in being favourable to us.

K. S. Krishnamurthy,
General Secretary.

BISHOP HEBER HALL

Expectations were high and excitements were in store when we came back for the second term. Things were set moving for the celebration of the Hall Day. A Reform movement was started in connection with the inter-block tournaments. The Reformers argued that medals should be awarded for winners in the various tournaments between the blocks. The movement culminated in an extraordinary session of Heber Parliament, which legislated in favour of the Reform after a heated discussion. There was a record attendance though it was a short Parliament. Its temperature reached a feverish height when a member of the opposition threw out the drastic proposal that all members of the Hall should be awarded medals on the Hall Day. Mr. A. A. Gnanadoss, who presided, brought the session to a peaceful conclusion.

The Block Tournaments were carried on with catastrophic speed and were finished before the Hall Day. The short period within which we had to finish, which was unhappily shortened further by rains, added to the universal excitement and anxiety. Elocution competitions were carried on with success in all languages. Ping Pong matches gave competitions in Indoor Games new colour and gaiety.

Cloudy weather and gloomy reports threatened our prospects but they never damped the spirit in which we carried on our preparations for the Hall Day. The preceding day it rained heavily but 9th November was a clear summer day. K. V.

* Selaiyur won the final match against St. Thomas's, 46 : 16, on February 21.—*Ed.*

Krishnamoorthy and his Decoration Committee were vigilant and working. The Arts and Science Exhibition was a great success. Our thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Chandran Devanesen for their help and guidance.

The celebrations began with the Commemoration Service in our Chapel at 9-30 a.m., when Rev. E. J. M. Wyld addressed the members. The more festive celebrations began at 5 p.m. The seating arrangements for tea worked nicely, and our congratulations are due to Messrs. Balaraman Nambiar, Harry Daniel, and members of the Seating Committee. Dr. S. Jesudason presided at the meeting that followed the tea. The General Secretary presented the Annual Report enumerating the achievements of the past and hopes of the future. Rev. A. J. Boyd then congratulated us on our good record in the past. Dr. S. Jesudason in his short speech emphasized the need for a spirit of daring in young men. The Variety Entertainment which crowned the festivity of the day was a grand success, and the Secretary and the actors are to be congratulated on their fine work. Mr. Chandran Devanesan deserves credit for his well directed English play and the comic tableau, 'A Group of Students 50 Years Back', which was universally commended.

The days that followed were naturally dull and the much expected day was a thing of the past. But boredom in life is anything except Heberian. One evening all the members of the Hall gathered in the Hall theatre and presented Mr. Bennet Albert with a clock as a wedding gift. The occasion was a happy one and the meeting came to a close when Mr. Bennet's clock struck nine.

The new hall committee was elected on the 3rd February Though the atmosphere was electric with excitement things moved off in a good spirit. We wish them all success in their office next year.

Early this term we published the last bulletin which brought into limelight the latent and potent talents of the Hall in Arts, Letters and Science. Mr. B. Deva Rao ought to be thanked for his efficient editorship this year. We hope to publish the Hall Annual shortly.

I wish all the seniors good luck in their examinations and the Juniors a happy long vacation.

BAZELEEL GNANADOSS,
General Secretary.

ST. THOMAS'S HALL

Activities during the early part of the third term were centred round the Hall Day which came off on February 1st. The dark clouds which threatened to mar the function soon rolled away, after scattering a few drops of rain in blessing. The whole show was a grand success, especially the Entertainment which, to say the least, was as good as everyone had expected it to be.

The Inter Hall Sports, which came next, were held on February 7th, and as usual we were left to bring up the rear. But we did break one record, in that we scored the least number of points ever scored by the Third Placers in previous years.

Internally, our activities are going on as usual. The Tournament games are drawing to a close—surely but rather slowly. An added attraction in the Games Room is a harmonium. Music lovers must certainly be grateful to the member but for whose keen eyesight the instrument would never have been noticed among the odds and ends in the Store-room. Could the harmonium speak for itself I am sure it would long to be back there, because it finds the strain of playing the 'Hall-song' hundreds of times a day too much for its rather frail build.

It is with a deep sense of sorrow that we have to bid goodbye to our Warden who goes on furlough at the end of this year. Those who have known him long enough will realise just how much the Hall will miss him next year.

Our best wishes to all the Senior students who are facing the university exam shortly. To them and to all others, Goodbye and Good Luck.

K. KUMARAN NAIR,
General Secretary.

THE SOCIETIES

THE RURAL SERVICE LEAGUE

At the beginning of the first term the usual meetings were held in the three Halls when the aims and objects of the League were explained and members enrolled. The collection of monthly subscriptions has been greatly facilitated in two Halls where it is being paid into the Hall Office along with the Hall dues. The Women Students' Union also held a meeting at which the work of the League was explained and they followed it up with a visit to the Centre. We are grateful to them also for their contributions this year.

A meeting of the members of the staff was also held and the following panel of advisers was appointed :

Village Schools	...	Mr. B. Bonnell.
Weaving	...	Mr. J. Matthai.
Paper-making	...	Mr. M. Sargurudoss.
Lectures	...	Mr. H. Daniel.
Gardening	...	Mr. B. Nambiar.
Medical Aid	...	Dr. Thomas.
	...	Dr. Kibble.
Finance	...	Mr. S. P. Adinarayan.

The Annual Entertainment was held in the Anderson Hall on the 17th August 1946. Niranjala Devi's inability to attend at the very last moment owing to illness was a disappointment. The two plays produced by our College were greatly appreciated. The English play was a farce entitled 'Something to talk about', while the Tamil play was an old comedy 'Sabapathy Mudaliyar' which brought the House down. We are grateful to Mr. Handel Manuel and to the members of the Social Service Leagues of Queen Mary's and Women's Christian Colleges for contributing items to the Entertainment. We also thank all our students and the members of the staff who helped in numerous ways. The nett receipts amounted to about Rs. 1200.

The old weaving shed had to be abandoned as it was badly attacked by white ants. The six looms are now housed in the brick building. Another change made this year is that the weaving centre is now affiliated to the All-India Spinners Association. The Association supplies us with yarn which is woven into khadi and returned. The Association pays for the cloth at a piece-rate and also employs the weaving instructor. This is a step towards making the weaving centre self-supporting. The paper-making also continues. A day school for the College 'pickers' is maintained and a teacher is being supported. All the boys who work in the centre are provided with a free mid-day meal.

In September the boys went on an excursion to Trivellore to see the Ikkadu Industries where all kinds of handloom cloth are woven. The boys spent a very happy and instructive day at Ikkadu. We are grateful to Miss B. M. Tweddle for making this visit possible.

The Centre was visited by a party of thirty W.A.C. (I)s as part of their training course. They were also taken to Selaiyur village. The members of the University Commission also showed some interest in the work. On October 11th a special effort was made to interest the whole College in the work. A demonstration was organized of all the work being done. This was followed by a meeting presided over by Mrs. G. C. Martin at which the Chairman of the District Congress Committee was the speaker.

We cannot claim that anything very much has been done this year. Except for the first term, students have not been very regular in attending the Centre in the evenings. Though a gardener is employed not a great deal of gardening was done partly because of the damage done by the heavy rains. Village visiting has been the weakest part of the work. A few students from Selaiyur and St. Thomas's, however, have paid occasional visits and distributed medicines. The League has

also paid for a fair number of village patients who were treated by the College Hospital. Employment was also found for a few. All we can say therefore is that the League has been kept alive and that the work in the Centre which provides employment for sixteen boys has been carried on steadily.

Dr. Adiseshiah's departure has been keenly felt. In him the Rural Service League had a leader whose enthusiasm and energy was a constant inspiration to others. We look forward to a greater measure of co-operation and active support in the coming year so that the high tradition he created of service to our rural people may be more fully maintained.

During the period under review Mr. J. A. Gnanam continued as Secretary. Dr. Boyd was our Patron and Mr. Chandran Devanesan our President.

M. S. DHANARAJ (*St. Thomas's*)
K. KULANTHAVEL (*Selaiyur*)
K. P. RAMAKRISHNAN (*Heber*)
SAROJINI RAJAMANICKAM (*Women Students*).

THE COLLEGE UNION

On the 12th October, Prof. N. G. Ranga, M.L.A. (Central), spoke on 'India in the world set-up.'

On the 19th October, Shrimathi Umadevi, the famous Polish philanthropist and poetess who has embraced Hinduism, spoke on 'India and Poland'. She was touring India with a party of Polish refugee students from Kolhapur who, after the speech, gave us a splendid variety entertainment including Polish folk songs and folk dances. It was the first time in the history of our College Union that an entertainment took place. The entertainment was well appreciated and a sum of Rs. 130 was collected from the audience towards the purse presented to the Polish refugee students. Shrimathi V. Seethadevi, an A. I. R. artiste and music research student of the University, sang the prayer and national anthem.

On the 22nd October, a debate was held on 'Religion is the only hope for the survival of man'. Mr. John Sathyanathan (P.G., History) moved the proposition, and Mr. C. Radhakrishna Moorthy, of Honours Philosophy (fourth year), opposed. The proposition was carried.

On the 31st October, Dr. William H. Edwards, the visiting professor from the United States, spoke on 'How an American looks at India'. Dr. A. J. Boyd, the President, presided.

On the 1st November, an Old Students' Symposium on 'What a free India should be like' took place. Owing to heavy rain throughout the day, out of nine old students invited, only three,—Messrs Easo John, C. B. Motaiya and Samuel Philip,—could turn up to speak. However, the Symposium was thrown open to the present students and interesting views were put forward by them. Mr. H. F. J. Daniel, Lecturer in Economics and an old student, presided.

On the 12th November, Mr. Ravindra Varma, Vice-President of the A.I.S.C. and an old student of our College, spoke on 'The Indian student in the world context'. Mr. G. Jagathpathi, Vice-President, presided.

On the 18th November, Mr. and Mrs. Ballinger from South Africa spoke on 'The racial and economic problems in South Africa'. Mrs. Mona Hensman, M.L.C. (Madras), presided.

On the 9th January 1947, Mr. Asoka Mehta, the Congress Socialist Leader, spoke on 'Democracy and Socialism'.

On the 22nd January, a mock Constituent Assembly was convened.

On the 30th January, Dr. William Stuart Nelson of Howard University, Washington, spoke on 'Some crucial points in the race problem of America'.

C. RADHAKRISHNA MOORTY,
Secretary.

THE PHILOSOPHY ASSOCIATION

The Association silently resumed its activities during the second term and the meetings and discussion groups were held quietly as usual.

On October 25th, Dr. J. F. Butler spoke on 'Education and Ethics', the Doctrine of the Phronimos. The Student-chairman, N. Anantaraman, presided. The speech was very instructive and was widely appreciated.

Two discussion groups were held this term, with Mr. Adinarayan in the chair. Alexander read a paper on 'Laws of Learning and Character formation,' which was followed by a lively discussion. The paper read by T. K. Parthasarathi on 'Personality not one but many' was also very interesting.

The last meeting of the term was held with Mr. Adinarayan in the chair when Mr. V. A. Devasenapathi from Madras University spoke on 'Absolutism and Theism'.

S. VARADACHARI,
Secretary.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The Association began to show signs of life very late in the first term.

The inaugural address was delivered by Dr. H. Parameswaran, Director of Industries, Travancore, on September 4, Dr. Ananthakrishnan presiding. The speaker gave a brief description of everyday life in the Cavendish Laboratory, the 'Mecca' of all physicists. His lecture was both interesting and illuminating.

On October 22nd, Rev. Yeddanapalle, Professor of Chemistry, Loyola College, gave a brilliant lecture on 'Modern Plastics'. He succeeded in making a highly technical subject interesting to the ordinary student.

The members of the Association feel keenly the loss of Mr. D. Krishnaswamy, M.A., M.SC., who has left the College for employment elsewhere. His lectures were clear and brilliant and no one left his classes saying that he did not understand the subject. He was of great help to the Honours students especially in their practical work. We pray that he may be successful in his new career.

R. KRISHNAMURTHY,
C. S. BALASUBRAMANIAN,
Secretaries.

NATURAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION

Continuing the activities which we well began in the first term, we opened gradually with a Natural Science exhibition. We ourselves never expected it would draw such crowds, and it had to be seen to be believed! The main aim of the exhibition was to reveal the wonderful form and structure which each animal or plant attains—which just shows that nature is far more perfect than anything man can make or even think of!

C. H. NARAYANAN,
Secretary.

CHRISTIAN UNION

Hardly had the Second Term begun when our members were busy about the camp at Chingleput. The Provincial S.C.M. camp from 24th-27th October was well attended by our Union. The Theme of the camp was '*Calvary, The only Answer*', and it was led by Dr. Devanandam. After we returned, we had our Echo-meetings in different Halls, and the question that confronts many of us today is '*Is Calvary Your Answer?*'

The study circles and the prayer circles are meeting regularly. The second number of the Christian Forum is well on its way to publication.

The Sunday School Teachers, who are our own students, had a day's Retreat at Adyar. Our Sunday School work has been most efficient. We had to supply books and slates to certain Schools and our resources for this purpose were limited. But our prayers have not gone unheeded. We are grateful to the Sunday School of Ceylon and the Manager of Parry & Company for the donations they have sent us. There was a Christmas Terminal Service for the Sunday Schools, which was addressed by Miss Jones of the American Mission. After the Service the children enacted a small drama depicting the life of Pandita Ramabai.

We had one Devotional meeting, when Dr. Jesudasan spoke on '*The Importance of Ashrams*'.

The Student Missionary Union, under the able leadership of C. B. Devasahayam, has been functioning regularly. They have had three Missionary Breakfasts, which were led by Mrs. Ittaira, Dr. Jesudasan and Mr. Mark Sundar Rao.

For the first time in the annals of our Union, our Women Students had their

Echo-meeting after the camp in the form of a Retreat. They have also planned to have a study group. We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Martin for all the help she has been giving in this sphere of our work.

We congratulate Miss Suriyabai Samuel for having been elected as one of the two delegates representing the Madras-Vellore area in the All India S.C.M. General Committee.

I am grateful to the officials and many non-officials of the Union, who have done all the work this year, and that most willingly.

We have still a long way to go, and our 'College Pudding' and 'week of witness' are yet to come.

SHANTI KUMAR,
Secretary.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

The activities of the above Association started for the year with the election of the following office-bearers :—

President:—Mr. Venkatakrishna Rao.

Secretary :—T. R. Venkataram.

Class Representatives :—

Class IV—Ramachandran, T. A.; *Class* III—Kuppanna Rao; *Class* II—I. S. Cameron; *Class* I—P. S. Sreenivasan.

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on 23rd August, when Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma of the Presidency College delivered the inaugural address. In a very humorous and interesting lecture Dr. Sarma explained the contribution of Sanskrit literature to Indian culture. Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao presided.

The second meeting was held on September 16th when Dr. Kunhan Raja, M.A., D.PHIL. (Oxon), spoke on 'The Sanskrit University: My Vision and my Mission'. His address was very interesting and his ideas were very practical.

The second term, however, was not a period of much activity, due to unavoidable reasons. The only meeting was held on 14th October, when R. Ramamoorthy of Class IV, B.A., read a very interesting paper on 'Bhāsā: The Dramatist'. The unique feature of his paper was the quotations the speaker had selected from his own play 'Kamini Krishnan.' Mr. U. V. Rao presided.

Our College was represented by Miss Padmini, R. Ramamoorthy, and V. K. Raja, of Class IV, B.A., at the Inter-Collegiate recitation competition held by Pachiayappa's College in October.

Our annual recitation competition for the Pennathur Visalakchi prize is to be held in January.

T. R. VENKATARAMAN,
Secretary.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHI RANJANI SANGHAMU

On October 17th, 1946, an ordinary meeting of the Association was held, when Sri Devulapalli Krishna Sastry spoke on 'Modern Telugu Literature'. Sri Jalasutram Rukmininatha Sastry, who presided, presented to us his 'Parodies' in verse, of the characteristic style of each modern Telugu Poet. Sri Pilaka Ganapati Sastry and Sri Prayaga Kodandarama Sastry, who were also present, made the occasion a unique one by giving some song recitals, and the meeting thus turned out to be a 'Kavisammelanamu'.

On October 24th, a debate was held on the Textile Policy of the Madras Government, a topic of much current interest, and it was made lively by many enthusiastic speakers. Sri G. Jagathpathi presided; and the House decided that the policy was not in the interests of the people of the province.

Sri S. Sundara Chari gave a brilliant talk on 'Tikkana Kavitvam' on November 8th; the Student-chairman presided.

Our Association, started in 1887, completed sixty years of illustrious history this year; we celebrated its Diamond Jubilee on Saturday the 25th January, 1947. We began with a Literary Conference in the morning in which various aspects of Telugu Literature were reviewed, with Sri D.Krishna Sastri in the chair; we had Sri M.S. Prakasa Rao to speak on 'Art for our Sake', Sri Sripada Gopalakrishna Murthi on 'Literary Criticism', Sri Prayaga Narasimha Sastri on 'Folk Literature', and lastly Sri Arudra on 'Progressive Literature'. We had also

music by Srimathi Sita and Srimathi Anasuya.

We reassembled in the evening over tea. Tea over, the meeting presided over by Mr. Tenveti Viswanatham, Chief Parliamentary Secretary to the Government of Madras, commenced.

Mr. P. R. P. Francis reviewed the long history of our Association and with linguistic pride referred to the great men who were at one time or another members of our Association. The President pointed out the importance of a linguistic approach to the constitutional problem and exhorted the Andhra students in general and our Association in particular to do research work in the matter.

An entertainment followed; our students staged two plays, Alli Mutha and Eppudi Inte, acted and directed by Mr. G. Jagathpathi, to whose unrelenting efforts their success is due. Then followed Bharata Natya by Srimathi Kumari Kalpakam and music by Srimathi Sarada Devi and Srimat Balasaraswati, who carried the audience with them.

We hope our successors will do better than we have done, and bring ever heightening glory to our Association. We brought out a special edition of our magazine with 42 pages—we take pride in it—to mark the occasion, which tradition also, we hope, our successors will successfully keep up, we having done our bit in publishing it continuously for the last seven years.

S. NAGENDRA BABU,
Secretary.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

Various unforeseen circumstances prevented the Association from resuming its activities in the first half of the second term. Mr. K. S. Rangamoorthy, one of the joint Secretaries, found it necessary to resign his office. At a general meeting of the Association held on 21st November, 1946, V. M. Sreedharan (4th Honours), was elected in his stead.

A meeting of the Association was held on November 28, when Mr. J. V. Aparsundara Mudaliar, M. ED. (Leeds), spoke on 'English Literature and the Part it should play in Education'. Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan, M.A., M. LITT., presided.

The 'At Home' to the members of the Presidency College English Honours Association was held on 17th January when we entertained sixty of our fellow-votaries from Presidency to tea, followed by a lively debate. Mr. S. Kulasekharan of Christian College moved that 'Literature with a purpose can have no permanent value' to be opposed by Mr. Srinivasa Raghavan of Presidency College. The motion was lost. Mr. K. R. Chandrasekharan was the observer.

The next important meeting was on 11th February when Rev. Fr. Jerome D'Souza, S.J., Principal and Professor of English, Loyola College, spoke on 'Form in English Literature' under the Presidentship of Rev. J. R. MacPhail.

We hope to wind up the activities of the association for this year with a 'Break-up-Social' to the seniors to be held during the last week of February.

We take this opportunity to thank the English Honours Staff for the keen interest they have always evinced in the activities of the Association.

A. JAYAVANTI,
V. M. SREEDHARAN,
Joint Secretaries.

HISTORY AND POLITICS ASSOCIATION

The second term's activities opened auspiciously on 10th October 1946, with the reading of a paper on 'The Proposed Constituent Assembly,' by K.S. Krishnamoorthy and K. C. Thomas. The veteran constitutionalist of South India, Sir N. Gopalasami Iyangar, was the observer. In the course of his scholarly address he sketched the problem before the Constituent Assembly. The importance of the meeting can be inferred from the fact that the Hall was overcrowded, by students and members of staff. Mr. Balu Alaganan presided.

On 15th October 1946, the Hon'ble K. Bashyam addressed us on a reform which is being contemplated by our present popular ministry. Professor C. Devanesan occupied the chair.

After a week's interval Mr. V. R. Devanathan read a paper on 'International Law and the U.N.O.' Sir Alladi Krishnasami Iyer who is said to be the reservoir of legal knowledge was listening to the speech. He spoke at length on the subject matter of the paper. His address on International Law and the U.N.O. was punctuated by loud and frequent applause. Mr. Titus Verghese was in the chair.

On the 30th October our wellknown radical and youthful politician Dr. A. Krishnasami, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.), regaled us with a lecture on the burning present day question and his address on 'Will the formation of the Interim Government usher in an era of freedom?' was an intellectual treat.

As a novelty we then had a seminar in which Messrs. John Sathyanathan, Malla, and Mahadevan read papers on various topics which are academically important.

On the 22nd of November, Rev. Fr. Adisayam, S.J., Vice-Principal and Professor of Politics, Loyola College, spoke on a subject which is of the utmost importance to any student of history. 'Liberty in the Modern State' which was the theme of his address provided us with enough material to chew and digest during this vacation. Mr. V. R. Devanathan presided.

I thank our Principal, Rev. Dr. A. J. Boyd, M.A., D.D., Mr. Chandran Devanesan, President of the Association, and the members of the staff for their kind co-operation in bringing every meeting to success.

V. R. DEVANATHAN,
Secretary

CARNATIC MUSIC ASSOCIATION

The Inter Collegiate Music Competition was held on February 12, 1946, in our College and the Rolling Cup went to the Madras Medical College. The Thyagaraja Festival and the Valedictory music performance took place on February 22, when Sangeetha Vidwan Sri Vedachalam Chettiar sang with suitable accompaniments.

But unfortunately, this year's activities of the association were delayed for various reasons. By his retirement, we are deprived of the patronage of Sri. C. Lakshminarayanan, M. A., Professor of Zoology, one of the founders of the Association in 1938. We miss him much and wish him a happy and peaceful retired life. We are thankful to Dr. S. V. Ananthakrishnan, M.A., Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry, for his patronage.

The Association had its inaugural Music Performance, rather late, on November 21, 1946, when Sri Vinjamani Varadaraja Iyengar gave us a performance with suitable accompaniments.

J. SURYANARAYANAN,
N. S. MANI,
Secretaries.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the association began with a general body meeting on 10th July 1946. The following were elected as office-bearers for the year 1946-'47.

President:—Dr. W. F. Kibble M.A., Ph.D.
Secretary:—S. K. Seetha Raman (5 HONS).
Secretary for Astronomical Society.—Narasimhan (4 HONS).

The inaugural address was delivered by Mr. Mahadeva Iyer, M.A., L.T., of Teacher's College, on 19th August. The address was brief and interesting. Dr. Kibble presided.

On the 18th of October, Dr. P. S. Sreenivasan, M.A., D.SC., spoke on 'Astrophysics and the unity of the Universe'. Dr. Sreenivasan in the course of his one and a half hour's speech dealt with the 'formation of planets, and other heavenly bodies'. Mr. P. Kesava Menon, M.A., M.SC., presided.

On the 4th November, Mr. G. Subramaniam (3RD B.SC. Hons.) delivered a lecture on 'Hyperbolic Functions used in Relativity'. Dr. W. F. Kibble presided.

On the 25th of November, Mr. P.R.V. Bhiman (4 HONS) read on interesting paper on 'Summable Series'. Mr. C. T. Rajagopal, M.A., presided.

The valedictory address of the Association was delivered on 30th January 1947, by Mr. D. V. Rajalakshman, M.A., M.SC., Lecturer in Statistics, University of Madras. He gave an interesting lecture on a random subject in statistics, 'Random Sampling'. Dr. Kibble presided.

We had planned to hold a few more meetings, but owing to the difficulty of getting speakers and the approaching University Examinations they had to be cancelled.

I take this opportunity to thank all the members of this association for their hearty cooperation and interest in the affairs of the Association. It is in no mere conventional sense that I offer my grateful thanks to our president, Dr. Kibble, who has helped us all along in the course of the year 1946–47, by offering suggestions.

S. R. SEETHARAMAN,
Secretary.

THE ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

The second term began with a Picnic to Ennore, to provide our hard-worked Final Honours students with much-needed recreation.

We confined our activities mainly to Seminar Work.

16th October, S. Chidambaram: Public Finance and Economic Planning.

30th October, A. R. Natarajan: Marxian Economics.

6th November, K. S. Chandrasekharan: Food Problem.

13th November, D. S. Reddy: Direct Taxes in India.

20th November, K.P.V. Nair: Public Utilities.

On 20th November Mr. Gunavardhanan addressed us on 'Marxian Economics'.

Again on 27th November, Mr. C. Devanesan spoke to us on 'Idealism and Individualism'.

Our activities for the 3rd term commenced with a paper on 'Imperfect Competition' by S.V. S. Sastry on 29th January.

On Tuesday, 10th February, Prof. L. N. Govindarajan of Loyola College gave us an instructive talk on 'The par value of the rupee'. The Student-Chairman presided.

The 4th and 3rd year Economics Honours students will be 'At Home' to the Final Honours students on Saturday 22nd February.

K. J. CHARLES,
Seretary.

THE TAMIL SANGAM

We began our activities in the second term with Barathi's song competition on the 10th October. Among the many competitors who took part, Messrs H. S. Dhanaraj, III B.A., R. Seshadri, IV B.SC., and S. Jayasankaran, Class I, were awarded the first, second and third prizes respectively. On Wednesday the 21st October, we celebrated the 'Barathi Day', when Thiru P. Sivagnanagramaniar addressed the large gathering on 'Barathi and the Tamil Renaissance'. The Hon. Mr. M. Bakthavatsalam, B.A., B.L., presided.

On the 29th October a proposition 'that in the opinion of the house the imitation of the West has been a bane to Indian life' was debated Mr. K. M. Syed Abdul Khadar; the Student chairman presided. After an interesting debate the proposition was put to vote and was carried. Messrs T.P. Shanmugasundaram, III B.A., and K. Kulandaivelu, were selected to represent our College for the award of the Principal V. Thiruvengadasamy Rolling Cup, held at Pachaiyappa's College. On Thursday the 7th November, Thiru. Anbalagan, M.A., Lecturer in Tamil, Pachaiyappa's College, spoke on 'Renaissance'. The student chairman presided. On the 20th November Thiru S. Chidambaram [II P.G. Economics] gave an interesting and instructive lecture on 'Mohenjodaro and Tamil'.

We wound up our activities for the term with a general body meeting held on November 22nd, under the presidentship of our president, and a resolution to the effect that we should extend the franchise of the Sangam to all Tamil-knowing students of the College was unanimously passed. N. Chidambaram IV B.SC. and P. Kulandaivelu were elected as representatives of B.Sc. Pass and Hons., and B.A. Pass and Hons. Classes, respectively.

On the 15th January, Mr. C. N. Janarthanam, B.A., B. COM., Sub-editor, 'Tamil Murasu', delivered a lecture on the importance of the 'Tamilar Thirunal'.

On the 27th January, a Tamil elocution competition was held for the award of the cup presented by Thiru V. A. Ramachand-

ran, a former Student Chairman of this Sangham. The subject was 'That temple entry alone will not bring about the uplift of the Harijans'; the cup was awarded to Thiru T. P. Shanmugasundaram, III B.A., while Thiru Aramvalarthanathan, P. G., and Thiru R. Padmanabam II Class received the second and third prizes.

An intercollegiate oratorical contest in Tamil for the award of the Pennathur Seshia rolling cup, was held on the 28th January. Students from our College, and also from Pachaiyappa's, Queen Mary's, The Women's Christian, Loyola, and the Madras Mohammedan Colleges, took part. Dr. Thirumoorthi, M.B.,B.S., Thirumathi Ambujammal, and Thirumathi Padmavathi Swaminathan acted as judges. The Madras Mohammedan College won the cup while Thiru Santhanam of Loyola and Thirumathi Aranganayaghi of Queen Mary's College were awarded silver medals.

The Diamond Jubilee of our Tamil Sangham was celebrated on the 10th, 11th and 13th of January in the Anderson Hall. Thiru Dewan Bahadur T. M. Narayanasamy Pillai, M.A., B.L., Member, Public Services Commission, the Hon. Mr. T. Avanasilingham Chettiar, Minister for Education, and Kavi Barathithasan were the Presidents. Vidwan T. P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai, M.A., B.L., M.O.L., spoke on 'Iyal Tamil' on the 10th, Thiru K. M. Balasubramaniam, B.A., B.L., lectured on 'Isai Tamil' on the 11th, while Thiru. C. N. Annadurai, M.A., delivered a speech on 'Nadaga Tamil' on the 13th.

On this occasion 'Veera Thai', a drama written by Kavi Barathithasan, and 'Mandavar Meendar', written by Rao Sahib P. Sambanda Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., were enacted by the members of our Sangham. Thiru James Jagaraj, 4th year (Hons.) entertained the audience with his 'mimicry'.

We take this opportunity to thank all those who contributed their mite to make the function a great success.

M. MANICKAVASAGAM,
T. S. THIRUMALAI RAJAN,
Joint Secretaries.

WOMEN STUDENTS' UNION

We have had eight meetings so far. Mr. Devanesan delivered our inaugural address. Mrs. Gandhekar spoke to us in the second term. She gave us an insight into the work done at the welfare centre. And some of us have been visiting the centre every week. Mr. McIness gave us a lecture on 'Famine or Plenty'. We celebrated 'Tagore Day' by reading some poems by the illustrious poet and we played some records of his songs.

This year we have been taking an active interest in games. Mrs. Devanesan's enthusiasm was catching, and every Wednesday found us prompt at the net ball field. But the enthusiasm seems to have diminished this term. I suppose it is because the examinations are drawing near.

And last but not least is our picnic to Mahabalipuram. Murmurs could be heard because we had to return the very same day. I hope next year at least we can make it a regular week end.

Our Ladies' Rooms have undergone a complete metamorphosis. They have been refurnished completely. Mrs. Martin, our Acting Warden, could be seen outside the Ladies' Rooms giving directions to the carpenters.

I wish our Seniors the very best not only in their Exams but also in their future career. We are already feeling quite depressed at the thought of their leaving us.

LILY NAIR,
Secretary.

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

After a regrettable lapse of many years we decided this year to bring out again the 'Kairalikumari', and thanks to the unwearying efforts of our President Mr. Titus Vergeese, we hope to realise our dreams in the very near future.

We have had a few meetings, especially one in which we heard Sri. S. K. Nair speak on 'Present Day Malayalam Literature'. Dr. Chelanet Achutha Menon is

giving us two useful lectures on 'Vallathol as a Lyrical Poet' and 'Drama, old and new'.

C. J. VARKEY,
K. P. NAMBIAR,
Secretaries.

KARNATAKA BHASHABHI-VARDHINI SANGHAM

On November 11th Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, the Sanskrit lecturer of our College, addressed the Association on 'Kalidasa's greatness'. Mr. U. Sitaramachar presided.

The valedictory meeting of the Association was held on the 24th of February 1947 with Vidwan Narasinga Rao in the chair. Mr. B. N. Srinivasiah, M.SC., of the Meteorological Station, Meenambakam, recited some portions of 'Bharata'. The performance was very fine.

I express my sincere thanks to our President for his enthusiasm and guidance, and to all the members for their hearty co-operation.

D. CHANDRASHEKARAN,
Secretary.

COLLEGE SERVICE—LIST OF PREACHERS

SECOND AND THIRD TERMS—1946-47

October 6	...	Rev. J. R. Macphail.
„ 13	...	Rev. Satya Joseph, S.I.U.C. Missionary to Papua.
„ 20	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble.
„ 27	...	Rev. John Millns, Methodist Church, Egmore.
November 3	...	G. C. Martin, Esq.
„ 10	...	Rev. E. O. Shaw, Church of Scotland Mission, Arkonam.
„ 17	...	Rev. T. R. Foulger, Principal, Meston College.
„ 24	...	Chandran Devanesan, Esq.
December 1	...	Rev. A. J. Boyd, D.D.
January 5	...	Rev. H. L. Hurst, Secretary, London Missionary Society.
„ 12	...	Dr. W. F. Kibble.
„ 19	...	G. C. Martin, Esq.
„ 26	...	Rev. S. Estborn, D.D., The Gurukal, Madras.
February 2	...	Rev. David Chellappa, St. Paul's School, Madras.
„ 9	...	Dr. Stuart Nelson, Howard University, Washington, D.C.
„ 16	...	Rev. S. Samuel, The Christian Literature Society.
„ 23	...	Rev. A. J Boyd, D.D.
March 2	...	Chandran Devanesan, Esq.

ATHLETICS

CRICKET

In my last report I spoke of the chances of our College team winning the Inter-Collegiate league and the knock-out this term. Unfortunately we were robbed of both the victories, the Madras Medical College defeating us in the league and the Engineers beating us in the first round of the knock-out tournament.

The Madras Medical College match was very interesting and exciting, the Medicals winning by 12 runs; we lost 6 of our wickets towards the end in 15 minutes for only an addition of 15 runs. In the Engineering College match, which was a two day fixture, although we drew the match we lost the first innings lead. Outstanding performances in the match were those of B. Alaganan, William Bywater and G. Zachariah—Alaganan scored 28 and 32, and Bywater scored 51 in the second innings, while G. Zachariah took 7 wickets for 43 runs and scored 40 runs in the second innings. R. M. Perumal bowled consistently but was unlucky not to get more than 4 wickets in both the innings. Even though we lost, it was heartening to note that we fought back very steadily.

Two of our players, B. Alaganan and R. M. Perumal, have been chosen for the 'Varsity Cricket team, the former being elected the Captain. Michael Kagwa was also one of our players to be chosen amongst the first twenty. Alaganan has had a good season in batting this year, adding three centuries to his name; one was scored in Madras, the other at Bangalore, and the third, which was a very quick innings, was scored on our grounds. R. M. Perumal is still bowling well, and we wish them both a good and successful trip to Hyderabad. Mr. Ramdas Mardi the forceful was also one of our players chosen along with Alaganan to represent the Junior XI of Madras and he too proved himself worthy of his selectors' confidence by batting very well, in both the innings.

We played only 3 matches in the second term because most of the time it was raining. We drew with the Nizam's College from Hyderabad and lost to the Engineers and the Raja's XI from Pudukottai. I must take this opportunity of thanking all the players for their whole-hearted cooperation throughout this year, and it was specially heartening to note that our fielding has improved considerably, that of T. Jeyasingh, R. M. Perumal, U. Hullugalle and B. S. Wilson, being outstanding. In closing I must thank our Physical Director Mr. C. A. Abraham, who in spite of our repeated failures never failed to give us the necessary encouragement and his whole-hearted support.

George Zachariah,
Captain.

VOLLEY BALL

After the first term's report had gone to the press, we played three Inter-Collegiate matches. The results of the Inter-Collegiate matches are as follows:—Lost to Madras Medicals (2–0); beat Stanley Medicals (2-1); beat Meston (2–0); beat Presidency (2–0); lost to Law (2–1); beat Pachaiyappas (2–0); walk over Muhammadans; beat Loyola (2–0). We lost the Championship Shield only by a very low margin.

During the course of the second term's activities we were able to unearth a very promising defence player, C. J. Alexander. At the end of the year, four players are leaving the College, C. T. Benjamin, K. P. Ninan, George Idiculla and Abraham Mathew; and I wish them good luck.

We are very thankful to Mr. C. A. Abraham for his kind supervision and for all the help he has rendered to the club. I take this opportunity to thank all the players for their splendid performance and hearty cooperation.

John Pothen,
Captain.

TRACK AND FIELD SPORTS

The unusually heavy rains made it impossible for any systematic training to be done in the second term. In the third term, things were no better. Rains in January not only interfered with training but made our grounds too wet also, for several weeks. At the same time, we had to get ready for the Inter-Collegiate Sports and the Inter-Divisional Sports of the Madras University, which were to be held on our grounds before our own Sports.

Inter-Collegiate Sports

These were held on the 17th and 18th January, on our grounds. Since we had not had our own Sports earlier and since no proper training was possible beforehand, the selection of our College team was very difficult. To make matters worse, our champion sprinters, E. L. Philip and C. S. Balakrishnan, could not take part in the Sports as they had injured their leg muscles during training. After some preliminary trials we selected a team.

Competition was not of a very high order. None of the colleges had properly selected their teams. Medicals, as we anticipated, turned out to be our most serious challengers, though there were nine colleges in all competing. There were several upsets, especially in the hurdle races, which we were confidently expecting to win. The wet and slippery track was responsible for most of these upsets. A noteworthy feature this year was that we lost both the Relay races. This was indeed a great blow to us because we have always won every Relay race. However, these upsets did not affect the final result. We won the Championship comfortably in the end with 80 points. Medicals were second with 59 points and Loyola third with 21 points. The other colleges were very much lower in the ladder. It may be mentioned that this is the eighth year in succession that we win this coveted Inter-Collegiate Athletic Championship.

Inter-Divisional Sports

A week after the Inter-Collegiate Sports, the Inter-Divisional Sports organised by the Madras University were held, again on our grounds. All the colleges in the University are divided regionally into four Divisions, and competitions in the various games and Sports are held separately in these four Divisions. The winners of the Divisions then meet for the finals. In Track and Field Sports, this competition is also used to select the University team which is to compete in the Inter-Varsity Sports. All the four Divisions, Madras, Trichur, Coimbatore and Madura, had entered strong teams.

The Madras Division team, as usual, was formed mostly of our own College men. The competition was of a higher standard than that of the Inter-Collegiate Sports and our track also had improved considerably by now. Madras won the Championship with 62 points followed by Trichur, 30 points, Coimbatore, 28 points, and Madura, 24 points.

After the Sports were over, the Madras University team was selected. A full team was not being sent to Aligarh, where the Inter-Varsity Sports were to be held this year. B. S. Wilsen and M. Kagwa, both of our College, were the only athletes selected from the Madras Division. Wilson had the distinction of being appointed Captain of the University team. Kagwa did not go to Aligarh. The Madras team did not do well at Aligarh. Perhaps, the long journey and the intense cold prevented the men from doing their best.

College Sports

Our Annual Sports were held on Commemoration Day, Friday 7th February. As already mentioned, our College Sports should have preceded the more serious competitions like the Inter-Collegiate, Inter-Divisional and so on. However, our Sports being held on an Inter-Hall basis, interest was not lacking. There was one serious handicap for all the Halls, apart from lack of training. Heavy rains, in the last week of January, made our ground again soft and slippery and the three Halls could not run their sports properly to enable them to select their respective teams. Most of the field events were conducted but the track events,

especially the hurdle races, could not be run at all.

E. L. Philip and C. S. Balakrishnan had not recovered from their muscle injuries and could not compete. This was a serious blow for Bishop Heber, the holders of the Championship.

The heats and some finals were held on Monday 4th and Tuesday 5th February. During the heats three new College Records were set up. R. J. Fowler (Heber) was responsible for two—Discus Throw and Shot Put, and G. Zachariah (Selaiyur) for one—Hop Step and Jump. Both Heber and Selaiyur were hoping to win the Championship, and the competition between the two Halls was very keen and close throughout. There were a few of the usual upsets in the calculations. B. S. Wilson, though a sick man after his return from Aligarh, won the 100 metres race but he could not do much in the Hop Step & Jump and the Long Jump, in both of which he was expected to create new College records. G. Zachariah, who had broken the record in Hop Step & Jump during the heats with a jump of 44 ft. (previous record: 43 ft. 5½ in by M. M. Chandy in 1943), could not improve on it. He came very near the College record in the Long Jump with a jump of 20 ft. 10¼ in., which is only ¾ in. short of the record of M. M. Chandy in that event. R. J. Rajasekhar, by systematic training, had improved considerably since his win in the 1,500 metres race in the Inter-Collegiate Sports. This time, in the same race, he was in magnificent form. Sprinting nearly the last half lap of the race he not only won the race in excellent style, but also created a new College record, lowering C.B. I. Jacob's (1942) timing by 1/5th of a second. It shows what training can do to any one with grit and determination even though he is not very well qualified physically. The Shot Put record has been one of our oldest records, made in 1936 (pre-Tambaram days) by J. A. Muthiah, 32 ft. 5 in. Fowler broke this by more than two feet (34 ft. 8½ in.) It is a creditable performance, only 2 in. behind the Inter-Collegiate record, and it is not likely to be beaten for some years. Our Discus Throw record, though broken by Fowler by more than 5 feet, is still far short of the Inter-Collegiate record.

Another athlete who promises to go far is A. T. Paranjothi of Heber. His event is the High Jump which he won. I am sure he can do very much better if he makes up his mind to train.

M. Kagwa (Selaiyur) is yet another athlete who is capable of doing better than he has done hitherto. But before one can achieve great things in Sports, it is necessary to undergo thorough and systematic training. G. Zachariah of Selaiyur can also improve on his present performance.

The two Relay races turned out to be the most thrilling events of the day and the result in each was contrary to expectations. The 4 x 100 metres Relay was won by Heber and in the 4 x 400 metres Relay both the first and second places were secured by Selaiyur. The results of these races decided the Championship. Selaiyur, after a lapse of many years, regained the Championship by a narrow margin of 3 points. It is interesting to note that in the last three years St Thomas's, Bishop Heber and Selaiyur have won the Championship in rotation.

This year, St Thomas's were not in the picture at all. They won only one Certificate of Merit, through P. Asirvatham who came second in the 100 metres race. There is no doubt that St Thomas's could have done very much better if they had not resigned themselves in the beginning to the third place in the Championship. A little more opposition from them would have made the race for the Championship more interesting and exciting.

Of the non-Championship events, the Old Boys' race and the 4 x 200 metres Relay race open to all colleges proved interesting. The Open Relay was competed for by six colleges and was won by the Madras Medical College after an exciting race.

The Old Boys' race was won by Mr. J. E. N. Isaacs, an ex-Football captain of our College and a well-known Madras athlete. Mr. V. T. Titus was second.

The Hon'ble Mr. T. S. Avinashilingam Chettiar, Minister for Education, presided

over the Sports and gave away the prizes. In a short speech, he stressed the value of Sports and said that one lesson we have all to learn from sports is how to win graciously and how to lose without bitterness.

The results of the Sports are as follows :—

RESULTS OF COLLEGE SPORTS

Championship Events

1. 400 Metres Hurdles	1. K. P. Punnen—S—Time : 62 secs. 2. M. Kagwa—S—
2. Shot put	1. R. J. Fowler—H—Distance : 34 ft. 8½ in.* 2. G. Zachariah—S—
3. Discus Throw	1. R. J. Fowler—H—Distance : 87 ft. 2½ in.* 2. C. J. Poulose—S—
4. 800 Metres Race	1. K. P. Punnen—S—Time : 2 min. 14·8 secs. 2. R. J. Rajasekhar—S—
5. 110 Metres Hurdles	1. R. Mathews—H—Time : 18 secs. 2. M. Kagwa—S—
6. Pole Vault	1. W. R. King—H—Height : 10 ft. 1 in. 2. Ninan Mani—S—
7. 100 Metres Race	1. B. S. Wilson—S—Time : 12 secs. 2. P. Asirvatham—T—
8. Long Jump	1. G. Zachariah—S—Distance : 20 ft. 10¼ in. 2. W. R. King—H—
9. 400 Metres Race	1. V. Hensman—H—Time : 56 secs. 2. M. B. Madiah—S—
10. Hammer Throw	1. R. J. Fowler—H—Distance : 64 ft. 0½ in. 2. G. M. Thariyan—H—
11. Hop, Step and Jump	1. G. Zachariah—S—Distance : 44 ft.* 2. J. Pothen—H—
12. 200 Metres Hurdles	1. M. Kagwa—S—Time : 27·4 secs. 2. R. Mathews—H—
13. High Jump	1. A. T. Paranjothi—H—Height : 5 ft. 4 in. 2. P. A. Thamburaj—H
14. 200 Metres Race	1. R. Mathews—H—Time : 25 secs. 2. P. Veerakesavan—H—
15. Javelin Throw	1. T. Zachariah—H—Distance : 102 ft. 8 in. 2. S. N. N. Nabişan—S—
16. 1,500 Metres race	1. R. J. Rajasekhar—S—Time : 4 min. 36 secs.* 2. K. P. Punnen—S—
17. 4×100 Metres Relay	1. Bishop Heber Hall—Time : 47·6 secs. 2. Selaiyur Hall.
18. 4×400 Metres Relay	1. Selaiyur Hall.—Time : 3 min. 53·8 secs. 2. Selaiyur Hall.
19. Tug-of-war	1. Bishop Heber Hall.

NON-CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS

1. Pickers' Race	1. Mari, 2. Elumalai, 3. Jesudas
2. Markers' Relay Race (4×200 Metres)	1. Rathnam's team
3. Sack Race	1. P. Srinivasan.

* New College records.

4. Old Boys' Race — 1. Mr. J. E. N. Isaacs. 2. Mr. V. T. Titus.

5. 4×200 Metres Inter-College Relay: — 1. Madras Medical College—Time: 37·4 secs. 2. Y.M.C.A. College.

Inter-Hall Championship won by Selaiyur Hall.

Championship points:—1. Selaiyur—123 points.
2- Bishop Heber—120 points.
3. St. Thomas's—43 points.

CRICKET

Old Boys' Match

The annual festival match between the Past and Present students of the College was played on Saturday 8th February, the day after the College Sports. The Old Boys had got up a first class team, many of whom had played for the University and the Province:—

E. C. Philip (Captain), P. Ananda Rau, K. S. Ranga Rao, V. Pattabhiraman, B. S. Krishna Rao, K. Krishnaswamy, R. T. Parthasarathy, A. R. Sundaravardan, M. R. Dorairaj, J. Sydney, A. Ponnuswamy and Ramanathan.

Winning the toss the Present decided to bat, much to the disappointment of the Old Boys who had always batted first in previous years whether they won the toss or not. B. Alaganan (61) and R. Mardi (58) were our main run-getters. G. Zachariah closed the innings at 186 for 9.

The Old Boys, after a gruelling time in the sun, did not fare well and were all out for 144 runs. The result of the match, which is not taken seriously by anyone, did not matter much. The usual festival atmosphere associated with this match prevailed throughout and our Old Boys had a thoroughly enjoyable time.

League matches

We had two matches to play in the Inter-Collegiate League. These could not be played in the second term on account of the rains. Just lately, someone made the "discovery" that if we played these matches (and won them) we would actually win the Championship. So, enquiries were made. Pachaiyappa's College, one of the teams we had to play, gave us a walk over and we decided to play off the other one—with Loyola College who were said to be leading in the League. This match was played on Thursday 13th February, on the Loyola College ground. We won the match only to learn later that we were actually helping the Medical College to win the Championship by our defeating Loyola! However, we have the satisfaction of having played all our matches. We missed the Championship by just one point. Though we have been the best team among the colleges for several years, this Cricket Championship continues to elude us. We hope for better luck in future.

INTER-HALL BASKETBALL

It was planned to play all the matches in this tournament in the second term but the wet weather made it impossible. Only one match was played in the second term—St Thomas's *vs* Bishop Heber. This was won by St Thomas's. The remaining two matches could not be played before the College Sports, on account of the many Sports Meets we had on our grounds.

The second match, between Bishop Heber and Selaiyur, was played on Thursday 20th February and was won by Selaiyur by a large margin. The last and deciding match is to be played on Friday 21st February. Selaiyur are fancied to win but St Thomas's are putting in every effort to thwart their rivals. (Result: Selaiyur 46, St. Thomas's 16.—*Ed.*)

C.A.A.

SWIMMING

The Inter-collegiate Aquatic Sports were held at the Y.M.C.A. Swimming Pool, Saidapet this year.

There were not many entries from our college for the events. The result was that we were not very successful.

Our Physical Director, Mr. C. A. Abraham, hopes to form a swimming club next year to enable students of our college to train scientifically for aquatic events. Unfortunately, the college is unable to have a pool at present. However, students will be able to train at the Y.M.C.A. swimming pool at Saidapet, in the near future.

We congratulate Frank Bamford on his good performance and others who competed in these sports.

We hope that there will be more interest shown in this sport next year.

LESLIE AZARIAH.

BOXING

With the Inter-collegiate Boxing Tournament looming in the distance, the members of the Boxing Club started training by the beginning of the second term. This year's team attained a fairly high standard of boxing and won the Inter Collegiate Boxing shield for the 9th year in succession.

This year we were strengthened by a few good new members. P. Glover-Jackson, a good Light-Heavy from the R.I.N., proved that the Navy are a tough lot. F. Fewkes, our Feather weight, attained a high standard, winning in his weight, and earning the distinction of being the best boxer of the tournament.

Our older members still retain their good form. M. Kagwa won the Middle weight, after a brilliant bout. F. Francis beat M. Wrightman, last year's winner, in the Light Weight division after a grand exhibition of boxing. L. Herbert and D. Jesudian proved their worth by winning their respective weights. E. Manuel was at the top of his class.

Among the members who did not have the honour of winning their weights in the tournament, special mention must be made of L. Moore, H. Roberts, R. J. Rajashekar, B. A. Chandran and S. B. Ramdas.

We were sorry that R. Mathews our leading Bantam, and R. M. Perumal our leading Paper, could not take part in the tournament, due to illness.

In conclusion, I must thank our President and Physical Director Mr. C. A. Abraham for all the help and coaching given to us.

Results of the Inter Collegiate Boxing Tournament.

Pin Weight.—T. Balakrishnan 98½ lb. (Presidency) beat Bangara Roa 97½ lb. (Engineering).

Paper Weight.—E. Manuel 106 lb. (Christian) beat K. J. Charles 105½ lb (Christian).

Fly Weight.—D. Jesudian 110 lb. (Christian) beat E. King 110½ lb. (Engineering).

Bantam Weight.—L. Herbert 118 lb. (Christian) beat T. G. Raghunathan 116 lb. (Pachaiyappa's).

Feather Weight.—F. Fewkes 124½ lb. (Christian) beat H. R. Roberts 123½ lb. (Christian).

Light Weight.—F. Francis 133 lb. (Christian) beat M. Wrightman 132 lb. (Christian).

Welter Weight.—H. Hunter 141½ lb. (Engineering) *k. o.* D. Berlie 138 lb. (Christian) in the first round.

Middle Weight.—M. Kagwa 150 lb. (Christian) beat J. K. Eapen 148 lb. (Engineering).

Light Heavy Weight.—R. Fowler 170 lb. (Christian) beat P. Glover-Jackson 166 lb. (Christian).

Championship points.

Christian College	...	19 points.
Engineering College	...	5 points.
Pachaiyappa's College	...	4 points.
Presidency College	...	2 points.

R. J. FOWLER,
Captain.

BASKET BALL

Our record of achievements this year has been crowned by our last and resounding success for the year—the winning of the the Inter-collegiate League Basket-ball Championship, by our college team.

This was achieved after a quick and a decisive victory we gained over the Loyola team, on the 17th of October. We were in top form and with brilliant vigour and enthusiasm battled away the opposition and

with almost lightning rapidity carried the day. The score was 56 : 20.

This is the team :—

1. A. C. Wilson
2. N. G. Ramamoorthy
3. Joyce Isaac
4. K. P. Punnan
5. Mathen Mathew

Reserves

1. Ninan Mani
2. John Zachariah
3. Rajasekar
4. P. S. Job
5. M. Kuryan

A. C. Wilson,
Captain.

FOOTBALL

A couple of Collegiate matches fixed for October could not be played until late November owing to the heavy rains. When conditions permitted we had many practices and I am glad that the team made good progress. We beat an army XI from Red Hills.

At the end of October, we played against Stanley Medicals in the knock-out tournament and suffered a defeat by two goals to nil. Almost from the start of the game, we played one short, our captain had to leave the field owing to an injury. This caused a severe set-back in the attack of the forwards. For most of the time we were on top but during the second half, within a spell of five minutes, they made a sudden spurt and earned their victory.

This year we had to be content with only Canagalingam in the University team. C. T. Benjamin could not take part. Bal[illegible]krishnan was so unfortunate that he [illegible]t hurt at the trial game for the Unive[illegible]ity selections. However we [illegible]re glad to re[illegible]ord the distinctions that C[illegible]agalingam earned as goalkeeper in the ma[illegible]hes at Trivan[illegible] and at Lahore. Our [illegible]ongratulatio[illegible] t[illegible] him.

As a team we have done our best both on and off the field. There has been always co-operation and a go[illegible]d team spirit among the players. Our si[illegible]cere thanks are due to every member of th[illegible] team, to our Physical Director, and to our Pr[illegible]sident Rev. J. R. Macphail whose presen[illegible] was always encouraging.

C. S. Balakrishnan,
Captain.

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